

Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rûmî

Dîvân-i Kebîr
Meter 9

Translated by Nevit O. Ergin

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archegos



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Bahr-i Reml-i
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Translated by Nevit Oğuz Ergin

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1.

Verse 1

P 221 of original Divan

If you show your rose face,
You will make the earth dance with joy.

For the sake of confused lovers,
Once more uncover and show your face.

Show it so knowledge will lose its way.
Then the wise and intelligent won't be able to
Use their skill and dexterity.

Water will become pearl with your reflection.
Fire will quit fighting.

Since there is Your Beauty,
I don't care for the Moon.
What do I do with a few blinking lights?

I wouldn't call a mirror
To the sky that is full
Of dirt and rust in front of your face.

With one blow, you recreated this world
In another form and shape.

O Venus, with the air of Shems,
Who resembles Mars,
Give a new tune to the harp.



2.

Verse 9

I have such a Beloved
That He burns heart and Soul.
If He wishes to walk,
He could walk on my eyes.

The day He is around is my food, my sustenance,
What nice food that is.

What would happen if He annihilated us?
We are ready for: .God does what He pleases.¹

His thorn is a capital for roses.
He is kind and gracious enough to open curtains.

Whatever you have said and heard are shells.
Inside, the essence of love is not
A secret which can be opened.

The person who has seen manifestations
Cannot be satisfied with shells.

I am silent now, but His wine doesn't
You save us from undignified ones.²



3.

Verse 16

I pulled you out of the fire of lust
Brought you here, then threw
You back to that fire. Scattered you there.

You were born, like the word
From my heart.
I swallowed you again like the word.

You are with Me,
But you are not aware of it.
I covered your eyes.
I cast a spell on you.

I hurt you in order to protect
You from every evil eye.

I am merciful to you.
I am generous to you.
You should also be generous and merciful.



4.

Verse 21

One whose heart
Whose talks are so nice, so understanding,
You are ours 'til evening, 'til evening.

We will have drinks, joy
And pleasure until evening.
Come on O clean hearted friends.
Come on.

O one who became Soul to every
Tune, every Sema,
You have a moon face, a moon face.

Scatter roses to sugar.
Greetings O sugar mine, greetings.

Life has no loyalty
But you are such a life
That you are loyal, loyal, loyal.

You are very much a stranger,
A stranger, very much a stranger.
From where do you come? Where?

Who are you with?
Who is your confidant?
You are with God. You are with God.

O best painting to come out
Of the hands of the painter,
Where is the separation for you?
Where is the separation. Where?

You are a stranger to everybody,
But confident with His grief.
His grief. His grief.

Every piece and particle of your body
Sends the voice of our God to the sky.
Our God. Our God.

Why is your heart broken?
You break, destroy the heart. You do.

At last, O Soul,
You are the end of everything
You are the end.

O Joseph, you are in the position of Sultan,
But you don't have the flag.
You don't have the flag.

You turned this place
Into the palace of a Kaiser.
Your are chemistry, chemistry, chemistry.

How can I call you a saint?
You are hundreds of thousands of saints.
Hundreds of thousands.

If you are Kerbela³, you are the place
Of assembly of every Huseyin.⁴
Kerbela. You are Kerbela.

O Soul, you are a beautiful water carrier;
A beautiful one.
But you tie the water bag.



5.

Verse 38

Hearth resembles a grain of wheat;
We are like the mill.
How does the mill know what this turning is?

Body is like the stone.
Thoughts are his water.
Stone says that water knows the situation.

Water says asks the miller,
"Who is the one who drains the water?"

The miller says, "O one who eats bread,
If the mill doesn't turn,
Would anybody become a breadmaker?"

This goes on and on.
Ask God, He will tell you.⁵



6.

Verse 43⁶

O beauty who brightens and shines everywhere!
O Soul of immortality!
O One who protects the Moon in the sky!

You are the Soul of God with all attributes.
You are the one who opens the curtains.
You are the sea of favor and kindness.

You show lots of justice and kindness to lovers.
Then you bring them back to life
With looks of contention.

You hunt heroes with gazelle eyes.
Have them fall in love
And make them a slave, a servant.

If disciples of Jesus have seen the way
Of how to bring death to life,
They will call you Jesus and deny the other.

Where is Moses?
If he was here and heard his words,
He wouldn't meet with Hizir.⁷
Wouldn't even spend one day with him.

If father Adam was here and knew him,
He wouldn't cry because of his expulsion from
Heaven.

His separation is a fire.
Our love is the bottom of the fire.
Tell me, where is an intercessor for us?

His face is such a fire
That it extinguishes our fire.
Who has ever seen a fire like that?



7.

Verse 52

You are the water of life.
Give water, satisfy us.
You are the sea of meaning.
Give us water, satisfy us.

We brought the jugs of desire.
We come to you, O second Hizir,
Give us water. Satisfy us.

O Sea of Soul, our Souls
Are like fish.
They beg help from You.
Give us water. Satisfy us.

We come from the road of deficiency.
We brought our incapability as gifts.
Give us water. Satisfy us.

We have heard legends of Husrev.⁸
You are better than those legends.
Give us water. Satisfy us.

Page 222 of original Divan

Mind has fallen into doubts and illusion.
You are above the doubts.
Give us water. Satisfy us.

What could a half-intelligent-minded
One do with your love?
You are the craziness of the intelligent.

The Kaaba of Earth has become Tebriz
Because of you.
O God's Shems,
O Rukn-i Yemani⁹
Give us water. Satisfy us.



8.

Verse 60

Sober ones shouldn't come close to lovers.
Especially, they shouldn't come near
The lovers of the ones dressed in red caftans.

Sober ones should stay away from lovers.
The smell of the stoke hole
Should be down-wind from the morning breeze.

There is no way for a sober one to go.
There are hundreds of greetings for a lover.

This is the assembly of giving, of offering.
It is a sin to become greedy in love.

Love becomes shy under the light of mind.
It is a disaster to become old in youth.

O lover, come home quickly.
It is a waste to spend life without love.

Shems of Tebriz doesn't even touch the Soul.
Go O body. Put your hand
To Soul and come out.



9.

Verse 67

If you are aloe wood,
Come to the censer.
If they throw you from the roof,
Come through the door.

You are Joseph.
You cannot get away
From being thrown in the well, the dungeon.
Take the poison of distress like it was sugar.

Your saying, "God is Great."
Is an order, a custom.
Since you are in the possession of that great One,
Come magnificently.

How can dogs drink red wine?
If you are a lion,
Come to us as red wine.

Why do you search for Gold?
You change your copper into gold;
If that doesn't happen,
Come to that silver-bodied beauty.

The eyes of the rich are very dry.
Poor ones eyes are wet.
You come without your eyes,
Neither dry nor wet.

If you are the confidant
Of the attributes of angels,
Come without gender of either male or female.

If you acquired the qualities of heart
During this journey; come as heart
Without head and feet.

If his ruby lips invite you, come;
If you are not marble or granite.

Since the Earth has been filled
With light because of Shemseddin,
O heart, come to Tebriz,
Making your head like feet.



10.

Verse 77

You were unaware of fate and destiny
But the weapons of fate wounded you.

What has happened, suddenly, at the end?
Yes, That is the way fate and destiny work.

Have you seen any rose that smiles constantly
And doesn't cry from the thorn of destiny?

There is no happiness that won't be enslaved
And victimized by fate and destiny in this world.

There is no one who has stolen
A day's worth of pleasure
But hasn't been hung by fate and destiny
Like a bunch of grapes.

Tricks of fate and destiny cannot be changed
By the deceit and cheating of someone.

Friends serve this fate and destiny.
Really, they offer their Souls to fate and destiny.

Forms are all dead.
But Soul remains with the help of fate and destiny.

The walnut is broken.
But Soul that is inside
Is submerged in halva
At the barn of fate and destiny.

The walnuts which are burned in the fire
Did not have any substance,
Denied fate and destiny.

The one who reached the Beloved
Is the one who became a friend of fate and destiny,
Chose the essence of Soul.



11.

Verse 88

O one who tells the secrets in my heart!
O one who arranges new business for a man!

O one whose image is the
Confidence of heart's trouble!
O one whose beauty is the brightness of rose gardens!

O one who offers joy generously,
Hold the hand of this poor one.

O one whose hand resembles a sea full of pearls,
Your favors have removed so many thorns
From the bottom of my feet.

You offer so many heads
To the people who give their turban to you.

What's the value of two worlds for You?
A grain which has fallen from Your barn?

Your Sun which nourishes the earth
Contributes favor to every particle.

We cheat, try every trick
But helplessness is the only help for us.

We are safe and secure from hell and fire
When the light of Shems of Tebriz shines.



12.

Verse 97

Soul is like olive oil. Loves fire.
How does love search for the beloved?
He also looks for fire.

O weaver who is unable
To use his loom because of darkness,
Soul is the olive oil that adds light
To the candle.
Brighten your candle with the light of Soul.

When lustful Soul starts looking around,
The Beloved doesn't feel like seeing him.

He loves the Beloved with the hope of going to heaven
Because he is afraid of hell.

When you destroy the Soul
That is made by fire,
You will see that, behind,
The Soul is full of light.

If that mean Soul wasn't bad
He wouldn't separate those two good people.

Soul in lust is a cross-eyed Soul,
Because he sees light as being fire, like Moses.

Soul in lust is like a parrot.
Keeps talking without making sense.

He became sick and acquired a brand new language.
Turned the patients face toward Kible.

Kaaba is Shem's of Tebriz.
He is the light of the eyes and heart.



13.

Verse 107

See the grace, the charm behind heart's secret?
The Lover turned into Mecnun because of
That grace and charm.¹⁰

Lovers have different religions, different sects.
The essence, splendor and secrets
Of this religion are grace, charm and coyness.

The heart makes words by looking at memories,
Their expression, their blinking eyes.
Charm and grace keep searching
For divine inspiration from those signs.

Soul has lost its mind and religion
Since it has seen that angelic beauty,
Those new charms.

This poor man has lost grace and charm
Because of colorful deceit and cheating.

The doorkeeper of Soul has told
So many non-contemptuous stories
About grace and charm of that Beauty.

Charm and grace come either from body or Soul.
It is amazing that this charm and grace
Came from neither body nor Soul.

The body who sees himself is submerged
Into his own grace and charm;
But the Soul who sees himself
Is unable to see this grace and charm.

In order to see grace and charm,
Shems of Tebriz has rejuvenated me
After I reached sixty years of age.¹¹



14.

Verse 116

I have pulled you out of one fire
And thrown you to another.

You were born from my heart like words.
At the end, I swallowed you, like words.

You are with me but you are unaware of it.
I am a sorcerer, I cast a spell on you.

In order to save you from evil eyes,
I held your ear, pulled you,
Brought you here.

My hands have been so generous to you
That your fortune and prosperity will remain eternal.



15.

Verse 121

I have been going your way,
Have fallen for your love.
I have no constancy day or night.
I don't raise my head
From your feet night or day.

I won't leave the days or nights alone:
I will make the night and days as crazy as I am.

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Souls and hearts of lovers
Have been broken and are gone.
I have been giving my Soul
And heart day and night.

I won't even scratch my head day and night
Until I find the One in my heart.

Since Your love has started the music,
I have become a harp sometimes,
At other times a tar,¹² day and night.

Since You are the one striking the plectrum,
My yells and screams keep filling the sky,
Day and night.

You have served me forty days as cupbearer;¹³
I have been drunk from that wine day and night since then.

O One who pulls the halter of Love's caravan,
I have been in this string of camels day and night.

I keep saying, "O my God"
Like a drunk unaware of myself.
I carry the load day and night like a camel.

If you don't break my fasting with Your sugar,
I will keep fasting until the last day of judgment.

If I break my fasting at the table of Your favor,
My days and nights become holidays.

I swear for the Soul of day and night
That I wait for You day and night.

I don't have to wait a whole year
To celebrate Bairam.
For your moon-face my nights and days are Bairam.

I have been counting the days and nights
Since Your promise of Union.

Love's field of my Soul is too thirsty.
That's why I rain the clouds of autumn day and night.
I cry day and night.



16.

Verse 136

Make the assembly happy
With these two pieces of wood.
Burn aloe wood, play the Berbad.¹⁴

This berbad doesn't yell or cry until You touch its nerve.
The aloe wood becomes more beautiful
Until it burns, finishes.

Thoughts are gathering dirt and dust.
Get up O Sweeper, sweep the floor of Soul.

That incense doesn't smell until You burn it.
Those seeds are useless unless You crush them.

It doesn't waste time with small things.
Its house is on fire.
That's why the sun became the greatest star.

The moon doesn't get tired from running around.
That's why it became a messenger, an accountant.

Those Prophets became like Aloe wood for people
So they can smell the secrets from them.

O source of shame, if you are not content
With one smell, why don't you
Burn and become the source of smells.

The sky is filled with nice smells
When You are burned.
Divine inspiration comes to Soul
When the heart is burned.

There is no end of these words.
Seeds are the Soul of the garden,
But you better cut it short.

The one who has those two pieces of wood, keep
them.
Burn one of them.
Make music with the other one
So sorrows and grief will disappear.

Nobody will be sober among the drunks.
The one who drinks the wine of Soul cannot repent.

Praise the wine.
Drink fast and keep drinking
Until you become dead drunk.
Tear your shirt, your collar.

There is no escape.
The Sultan of Love is pulling
Lovers to Himself with power and passion.¹⁵



17.

Verse 150

*H*ave you ever heard what the rebab¹⁶
Says with tears, and a burned and broken heart?

He says, "I m a skin separated from itfls flesh.
How can I stop crying; stop being sad from separation?

The wood is also saying, "I was a green branch.
The ax cut me, the saw sliced me to pieces.

O Sultans, we are the strangers of separation.
We are crying to God to whom we will
Eventually return. Listen to our cries.

At the beginning we are separated from God,
Find ourselves in this world.
But we are returning to Him
From form to form, from situation to situation."

Our voice is like the bell in the caravan
Or the thunder falling from clouds.

O guest, don't fall in love at any stage,
Because you will be hurt when you have to leave there.

Because you have passed through
From the stage of sperm to the time of youth.

Don't hang on so strongly so you can
Leave easily, earn good deeds.

You hold the one who grabs you tightly.
He is the beginning. He is the end.
You try to find Him.

He pulls His arrow nicely.
His arrow hits the heart of lovers, wounds them.

The sound of the rebab is the language of lovers
Who may be from the land of Rum, a Turk or an Arab.
It doesn't matter as long as he is a lover.

The wind yells and calls you saying,
"Come behind me to the edge of the river."

"Once I was water, now I become wind.
I came to save the thirsty from that mirage."

Words are also a wind that was originally water.
When it remove the curtain from your face,
Become water again.

Such statements come from
Beyond the six dimensions,
"Escape from dimensions.
Escape from moonlight."

O Lover, are you worse than the moth?
Have you seen a moth who is afraid of fire?

How could I, when a Sultan is in town, leave a beautiful city
For an owl and go to the ruins?

If a donkey goes crazy
Hit him on the head until its mind comes back.

If I try to comfort him,
He becomes more degraded.
Even God says, "Smite the neck of the disbeliever."¹⁷

Congratulations, O tribe.
Now the door is opening.
You are saved from rising and setting anymore.

Relax. The time of satisfaction
Has come to the Beloved.
And with Him is the basis of the Book.¹⁸

He said, "Don't be sorry for the things you have lost;
The full Moon who tears the curtains has arrived."

This place is a nice watery pasture.
Rest your camels.
There are so many favors here
That they cannot be counted.

There are thousands of pleasures
In the suffering of Love.
There are the pleasures of nice talk
In the silence of love.

O Great Ones, we are silent now.
Understand the secret of silence.
God knows best.



18.

Verse 176

*T*he search of lovers is not for themselves.
He, is the One who searches Himself in the world.

This world and the other
Are all from the same stock.
There is no blasphemy, no religion
No sect in the real universe.

O one who has the breath of Jesus:
Don't talk about remoteness.
I am the slave, the servant of the One
Who doesn't have remoteness in his thought.

Don't tell me if you will go later.
If you say there is no guide
Isn't the road in front of us?

Extend your hand, roll up your sleeve.
The salve of this wound is the wound.

Good and bad are all particles,
Fragments of the Dervish.
Anyone who is not like that
Cannot be a dervish anyway.

Everything which disappears
From the eye is in the heart.
There is no place like the heart
In the world for them.



19.

Verse 183

We looked for someone else
To show the way, the trace,
We couldn't find anyone.
There is no one to help us besides You love.

What kind of search is this?
You say anything you want,
But we couldn't find any better than this.

From now on we should look
For a friend in the sky.
Because there is no such one on earth.

O One who cannot be imagined,
We looked for the image of Your moon-face
In the seven layers of sky,
But it is not there, not there.

O best of them all, let's be annihilated.
There is nothing better than that
In these two worlds.

You drink the earth's pure, clean wine
Like turbid, sedimented wine.
But we have looked for the answer to problems
Of religion and haven't found them yet.

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The Seal of Solomon's land
Is certainly something to search for.
We have found the holder,
But the Seal is not there.

There is a picture of a beauty
In the stone of this ring.
We haven't found this
Neither in the Beauties of Rum, nor of China.

The shape I have been describing
Is not from anywhere but the One
Who is the Creator of shapes.

There is such a belief in that shape
That we cannot find any other
Belief beyond that.

It is time to quit that terrible doubt.
We have looked for a man
Who is beyond all tricks and deceit
But there is no such thing.

Our back is bended
turned to bow because of doulet
We search a road has no trag
But there is no such drung.

We looked for the light
Of this explanation in the explanation.
But we found it neither in explanation
Nor in that to be explained.



20.

Verse 197

At the end we settle for heart and Soul
But we make both of them crazy, insane.

You came to burn this Universe.
At the end, you won't return until
You do what you have promised.

O One who burns, destroys the world with His love,
At the end you attempt this in this already ruined place.

I have been putting you off
With promises, O heart.
At the end, You remembered that fable again.

You permit love to come inside
After You give him ecstasy,
But at the end, you made the mind a total stranger.

O God's messenger,
At the end you made the pillar of patience
Cry like Hanane's pole.¹⁹

The favors of the helper was like
A candle that enlightened the world.
At the end You made this candle
Like a moth to You.

One head of mine is on this side,
The other is on Your side.
At the end, You turned me into
A two-sided comb.

I was a helpless seed under the ground.
You made this seed like a piece of pearl.

You turned a seed into a garden, a meadow.
At the end You made the earth like a palace.

O crazy heart, worse than insane heart,
At the end you act better than the brave.

My skull has been full
And empty because of You.
At the end You turned my skull
Into a wine glass.

At the end, You made the soul of Soul
Of obstinate, armed people
A lover to the Beloved.

O Shems of Tebriz,
You enlighten every particle.
At the end, give them talents and interests.



21.

Verse 211

At the end you are fooled
By the enemy's tricks.
At the end you decide on separation.

But you returned from those people
Whose caprices are worse than women.
At the end, you came to the side of heroes,
Because you are brave.

You are sick and tired of these pairs
Because at the end you are
The source of uniqueness and wholeness.

You have become a yellow rose
With the love of one tulip.
You are yellow, but at the end
You become a tulip.

You turned into dirt for Shems of Tebriz
Then became the light of this sky.



22.

Verse 216

*I*t is our secret to attract Soul,
To become lovers;
As long as He is our Beloved,
We are in good shape.

The time is over for the ones
Who buy and sell old stuff.
We sell new things.
This bazaar is our bazaar.

When even the spring, which renews
The earth and the Soul of the rose garden,
Sees us it starts yelling and screaming.

Mind is the Sultan of this climate
But he is hung on our gallows like a thief.

For you mind is like Plato and Calinus.²⁰
But for us he is lost, has fallen
Into illnesses and futility.

The Oxen under the ground
Is sacrificed for us. So is the Fish.
The Lion of the sky is also under our weight.²¹

Everything that was poison before,
Became an antidote.
Everything that was sorrow and grief,
Are now receiving our sorrow and grief.

Every lion hunters ach like lion
But his hunter - his lion have became
Our hyaena..

I have given up my Self
And my close friends.
The ones that were known to be close to us
Became total strangers.

Self-worshipping is bad,
An unhappy disposition.
Even our faith would become denial
In that situation.

Every poem that I say is nice, beautiful
If I am not by myself.
Because this voice comes from our tar²²,
Our harp without bow or plectrum.

Shems of Tebriz is the essence
Of our confession in two world
With the glory of greatness and wisdom.



23.

Verse 226

Whose square is it that ties
Our feet like that? We are lost.
Whose fable, whose story is that?

Love has been offering special glasses.
For whose love are those glasses turning around?
Only Love knows.

There is a Soul who gave life
To the mountains and valleys.
O my God, O my God!
Whose Soul is that?

What Garden is that
That even heaven became drunk after seeing it?
Whose violet, whose iris, whose sweet basil is this?

The branch of the rose
Started to sing more than the nightingale.
The cypress danced and kept asking,
"Whose garden, whose meadow is this?"

The jasmine asked the rose of Van²³
If he had seen a narcissus in anybody's narcissus garden.

He tells me that when I asked this question,
The rose of Van smiled and said,
"I am not by myself.
How do I know the answer?"

The sun is running like a golden ball.
I wonder whose club hit him like that?

The moon is behind him,
So desirous, melted, purified.
I wonder with whom he is in love,
Who he admires?

Sad cloud is in deep thought, deep grief.
The one for whom he is crying is a fiery secret.

The sky, who has put on so many dresses,
Whose heart is so bright,
I wonder for whom he whirls around?

Even pain asks from His trouble,
"From where does this amazing,
Helpless pain come? From whose suffering?

Shems of Tebriz is the one
Who could untie this knot.
It is amazing.
To whom is this power given?
Who has it?



24.

Verse 239

Our job, our occupation
Is to become a lover, to be unfaithful.
As long as He is our Beloved,
He saves us. We are in good shape.

We should attempt on the life of all friends,
Because our friends have all become strangers to us.

Even the mind is that Sultan of this climate,
He is hung on our gallows like a thief.

How could someone be a stranger
And an acquaintance at the same time?
Every rose grows from us,
Becomes a thorn to us.

To worship our Self is sad,
An unfortunate situation for someone.
Our faith becomes heresy in that situation.

For you he could be Calinos or Plato,
But for us he is nothing
But a selfish sick person.

The spring which renews itself every time
Is the Soul of the rose garden.
When it sees us, it starts yelling and screaming.

This Self is like earth.
Try to find gold in there.
Search for the treasure whose treasurer is the Beloved.

The earth that won't go through fire
Doesn't show its treasure.
Love and separation are the clouds
That rain fire for us.

O curious, desirous one, hear this voice.
This is the sound of fire.
Don't think they are our words.

Throw your secrets away
Because they are the barrier to our secrets.

Your light, your fire are your joy and mercy.
Come close to our light and fire.

Sometimes you say, "I am a lion."
At other time, the lion hunter.
Your lion, your lion hunter
Are all my hyena.

How could the one who wants the journey
Want the Sultan at the same time?
He has heart but don't call him Beloved.

Since our tavernkeeper acts as the cupbearer,
Nobody in the town remains sober.

P. 225 of original Divan.

Since our pickpocket has such a quick hand;
All the people of the town become broke lovers.

Our school is love.
Our teacher is the wisdom of greatness.
We are students.
We keep studying our lessons.

Although Shems of Tebriz
Is a Sultan and a charmer,
He is still our guardian, our protector.



25.

Verse 257

Absence in Nothingness is my religion.
Annihilation from existence is what I worship.

I run toward the side of the Beloved with my feet
But the green horse of the firmament
Is under my saddle.

I leave hundreds of planets
Behind me in one breath.
Then I turn back and see
That's only one step of mine.

Why should I circle around the earth?
The Beloved is inside of my sweet soul.

The teeth of Shems of Tebriz, which resemble "Sin"²⁴
Who all saints praise are my "Ya Sin."²⁵



26.

Verse 262

I have seen a moon.
I wanted to rise to the sky.
But that moon is not the one in the sky.

You are from the sky.
That's why I mentioned sky to you.
Otherwise, what is this Sun doing in the sky.

I saw Venus last night
She kept playing the harp.
I wish every night of life
Would be like that.

My Soul started to dance with the stars
On the vast space of sky.

See how the horizon is submerged in blood
With the separation of Soul's sun at sunset?

Bend your head and look once
From the roof of the sky
So I will keep turning at the floor of sky.

Even a stone changes into ruby
And garnet with the effect of the Sun.
Eye also starts seeing sky because of the sun.

Moon, in reality, is at another sky.
The Moon that swims in the sky
Is the reflection of that Moon.



27.

Verse 270

Again, they mix the honey with milk.
Again, they join one lover with the other.

They remove the day and night.
Again, they add sun to moon.

They mixed the colors of Loved and Beloved
Like the way they add gold to silver.

God's eternal spring has arrived.
They mixed the green branch with the dry branch.

They mixed Omer with Ali
Then Rafizi²⁶ started biting his fingers.

Two Sultans are on one throne now.
They even wear one belt for both of them.

Kadir's²⁷ night appeared like the morning of Bairam.
At the same time, they mix human with angel.

They teach the language of each other.
Now, they are not disgusted
With each other, they have merged.

They united Nefs-i kul²⁸ with everything comca from it
Like children with their father.

They mix good and evil because of nature.
That's why good and bad,
Dry and wet came into existence.

I close my mouth.
You understand the rest.
They mixed that look with that sight.

They filled my body with flames
For the light of Shems of Tebriz.



28.

Verse 282

Little by little the drunks are coming.
Little by little the wine-worshippers are coming.

The ones who catches hearts are on their way.
The rose-faced ones are coming from the rose garden.

From this world, that appears to exist,
And, at the same time as non-existence,
Little by little Nothing is gone.
Little by little existence is coming.

Every one of them has a pocket full of gold.
They are coming to give to the needy.

The wounded lean ones
Are well fed at the plain of Love.
They get well and fat. They are coming.

The Soul of the clean, pure ones
Are coming like sunshine from the rose garden
That is better than heavens.

What an auspicious garden it is
That grows early fruit in the winter
For Virgin Marys.

In fact, their origin is kindness.
They returned again to kindness.
They are coming from one rose garden to the other.



29.

Verse 290

Our Beloved favored someone else.
He left us.
Slowly, gradually he turned cold,
Turned his back on us.

He fell into the trap of the enemy.
Turned his head toward another friend.

Heart is receiving new news
Every moment from his torment.
Sorrow has made the scared heart sneaky.

He made it a custom to frown on us.
He looked for an excuse and found it.
He became cruel to us.

Alas, we were his confidant.
Then he changed and found
Somebody else as a confidant.

O Heart, try to be patient again
Because that beautiful friend
Has started tormenting again.

But, mind is saying, "Don't worry
He is ours, just showing his coyness to us.

Salahaddin²⁹ is shining like the Moon.
He made Erganun³⁰ a musician on Venus.



30.

Verse 298

A little mouse made a hole in the box.
When the cat fell asleep
The mouse became daring.

I will throw the mouse on the fire
Like that little cook did.

We will throw the cat
And the mouse in the oven
Where fire has hundreds of flames.



31.

Verse 301

Cupbearers start serving like drunks.
Drunks come to the quarters of the tavernkeeper.

Lovers, the ones whose hearts were stolen,
Come, circle by circle, expecting to smell
The scent from the Beloved.

Nightingales and drunks of Elest's³¹ night
Came to the rose garden
From the hope of a rose.

Look carefully.
You'll see drunks have arrived
Row by row, to the door
Of the cupbearer, to wail and cry.

How wonderful it is that a voice came from Heart saying,
"They have all arrived without feet, without heart. "

They came here without shoes or turbans.
Even without themselves, because of His smell.

Cupbearer, serve wine relentlessly.
Look and see, the ones who
Are drunk with secrets have arrived.

Lovers came by themselves without theirself and existence.
The devout ones came, conscious and alert and started to work.

Cupbearer paint everyone with the same color,
Offer everyone, don't separate the known from the stranger.



32.

Verse 310

A bunch of people came to buy me.
These old thorns have stuck all over me.

In order to look old,
They rub soap on their beard.
They run without washing their face,
With their jealousy.

During the day they show coyness, talk gracefully.
At night they sing like frogs.

Thank God.
Sleepers woke up from my voice.
They gave up sleep.

I wish their wakefulness was for God.
Instead they start to yell for silver and gold.

How could the face of patience
Flush because of them?
They have faded, become pale like dinar.³²

This crowd is sick because of greed.
How could they save people from greed?

Sultans who come to see the Beloved
Are in the heart of the people
Like the eye of a person who has feelings down inside.

They are made by the same
Light as seven stars.
They do the same job as five fingers.

They are involved with each other
In order not to be the laughingstock of the people.
They are involved, occupied with each other.

Heart's people are the sun.
The other ones are made of clay and dust.
Heart's people are roses.
The others are thorns.

Don't worry, O master of this crowd.
Because people of heart offer heart, attract heart.



33.

Verse 322

P. 226 of original Divan.

The town is full of pickpockets
Who snatch mind.
They steal at the same time
They ask for a price for their work.

Whoever could stand should keep his sanity.
I haven't any power left.
They already took my mind.

The other day, a charmer
Was turning around me.
That Kurd took me out of myself.
Neither my mind nor my opinion remain.

My blood is in the hand
Of that charming Kurd.
My blood is frozen in that charmer's hand.

Then, my blood turned into wine
Just like a grape.
He has been crushing heart's grape for many years.

I have seen Kurds who steal
But our Kurd has even stolen from other Kurds.

Who could expect that he would steal,
Especially after our Sultan became a Sufi?
He has had his head shaved.³³

He is such a bloody robber
That whoever he kills
Becomes Hizir, Elijah, never dies again,
Reaches to immortality.

He took old rubbish away
But brought fortune and glory.
He took silver away
But counts arms full of gold.

He cleaned sorrow, purified the dregs.
If there is sediment, take it to him.

This world resembles an eye.
He is the pupil of the eye.
Even the globe is too tight for this small man.

The zeal of God put a padlock
On my mouth again
And hid the key somewhere.



34.

Verse 334

O my God, be content with lovers.
Let their end be good.

Lovers would celebrate bairam
With your beautiful face.
Their soul would burn
In your fire like aloe wood.

O Beauty, our blood is on your hands.
Our souls would be sacrificed to those bloody hands.

I wish that the prayers of whoever
Prays for salvation from love
Wouldn't reach heaven, won't be accepted.

Even the moon loses time in the way of love.
But all the losses on loves way are gains.

The ones who are not lovers
Beg for delay from death.
But the lovers say,
"No, no. Come quickly, here I am."

The sky was formed by lover's smoke.
Bravo to the owner of this smoke.



35.

Verse 341

Determination sit down.
Hope stand up,
Because news after news
Is coming from His envoy.

Smoke is coming from
The throne of Absence.
O secret hero, go toward that smell.

Ignorance will blind the man.
Hide everything from him.
But His smell, His smoke destroys ignorance.

We came from heaven
To this ordinary planet.
He will again raise us up to heaven.

We should go under the date tree like Mary.³⁴
Because there is not even one fruit
Under the branch of silence.

Enough! Be silent.
How long will you be sucking
The meaning from words?
Run to meaning.

Sucking is for the toothless baby,
If you are a man, bite the bread.



36.

Verse 348

Life has been passing through
With the hope of tomorrow;
Finishes with fights and struggles, needlessly.

Assume your life is the day
That you are living right now;
See how you spend it
With all of your schemes and empty projects.

Our life has been spent
With either the worries of purse
Or the worries of food.
At the same time, our purse
Is getting smaller moment by moment.

Death is pulling us, one by one.
The color of the smart one's face
Is becoming pale from its majesty.

Death stands on the road and is waiting.
Yet, all the merchants are ready to go shopping.

Death is closer than remembrance to us.
But where is the mind
Of the one who is somnolent?

Don't spend time over-feeding the body.
It will be sacrificed anyway.
Try to feed your heart
Because it will be what ascends.

Give very little butter and honey to this carcass.
The one who pays too much attention
To his appearance goes with disgrace.

Give to the Soul all the sweet food of understanding,
Discovering that it will go
To its destination strong and fit.

Understanding, thinking and discovering
All come from Selahaddin to you.
Because he is the only one
Who goes alone, like the sun.



37.

Verse 358

*M*y sweetest Beauty answers
My questions like honey and sugar.
The One who kills me, brings me back to life.

The One who drowns me
In the sea of blood is rescuing me.
I am the Jonah of time.

My attributes have been annihilated
In His attributes.
He separates me
And at the same time, gives attributes to me.

He took all my wealth and belongings
Made me poor.
Yet, He now brings garnet to give me alms.

He took my horse.
I am compelled to go on foot.
Then that Sultan check-mated me
With His two rosy cheeks.

Even Mount Sinai has been
Blown to dust with His manifestation.
I am inferior to a piece of grass or straw,
But He has given me the power of endurance.

I beg for a month of holidays, days of Union.
Yet, He is giving me a warrant
From the night of separation.

The treasure of Love is
Beyond the six dimensions.
For that reason, He gives to me
Not from this dimension
But from the other dimension.



38.

Verse 366

How could whatever the Beloved does be bad?
How could the one who grows wheat
Harvest fire?

Is there a better exhibition than mind
For the painting of that Beautiful Beloved's.

What else could this sherbet be
That He offers to his drunk
But a sweet, nice heart catcher?

This six dimensional earth is like a six-cornered ship.
How could this ocean,
Which has no beginning, no end,
Fit in that ship?

How could the narcissus eye
That has a drop from that sea,
Be blind for recognizing it?

How could an eye that is open
To the light of contention
Be punished, lose its sight?

Come to your senses. Be silent.
Be afraid of God's disgust.
How could one stand to be in the state
Of being shaken by fear?



39.

Verse 373

People are moving around,
But morning hasn't come to us yet.
Beloved, give Soul to morning
So that it appears like morning.

How many nights we stay awake
With Your grief.
How many days we turn into evening
With Your joy.

Now morning has come over here
But so many cities on earth
Are still in the night.

The whole earth doesn't know
That the sun of Love has fallen
Into the sleep of heedlessness,
But morning came to us.

There is no morning for the one
Who is not in love.
Whoever is in love, becomes a lover
Is the one who has the morning.

Don't look for morning around this house.
Turn your face to high places.
Daylight comes there.

It is a thorn for you, but a rose for us.
It is night for you, but morning for us.

If you are a child who doesn't
Understand morning, come over.
It is morning, morning here.

Don't deny the morning
Don't say no, no.
How long will this denial last?
It is morning, O apple of Lala's³⁵ eye.

The Sun has risen.
The Moon is split.³⁶
Hear the command from
The highest of the high, "Morning is here."

O watchman, don't hit
Your baton on the ground.³⁷
O our watchman, O our guard,
Morning came, morning came!



40.

Verse

A smile explains Your kindness.
Crying is a complaint about Your grief.

These two opposite bits of news
That are discussed in this world
Are about the same Beloved.

Favor deceives the ignorant one so much
That he won't think of
The consequences of committing a crime.

But He gives desperation to the others
Who fall in helplessness, keep mourning.

P. 227 of original Divan.

Love is like a protecting intercessor
It takes care of both of them.

My God, I give thanks for this love.
It has lots of blessings for us.

Even if we fail to show gratitude,
Love overlooks our ungratefulness, tolerates it.

This love is either Kevser³⁸
Or the water of life.
It makes life eternal, makes man immortal.

It is like a messenger
Between God and His confidant.
It carries messages, comes
And goes between them.

Enough. Be silent.
Don't read this Ayet by Ayet.³⁹
Love is the one who interprets Ayets.



41.

Verse 394

*T*hat Sultan of Sultans does
His best, whatever he does,
Like a fig tree constantly gives figs.

Whenever he says hutbe⁴⁰
He performs a marriage for hundreds of people.
He mixes thousands of men and women
Like milk and honey.

The source of Life's water
Runs by His breath.
Death comes to life
When He gives final rites at a funeral.

When He starts to educate men
Birds of Soul fly with their cages.

He gives a world to man all by Himself.
Who else could do that in the two universes?

If you mentioned His name
At the bottom of the well,
The bottom of the well would
Become the top of the sky.

If He gives my share of sugar
I will scatter all of the sugars.

If a disbeliever mentions His love,
He changes his infidelity
To the light of faith.

He put all the thorns of the world
On the road of a lover
Just to change to august roses.

Don't you know his bird
Lays golden eggs with happiness?

I will be silent now
And pray silently.
But if He says Amen,
How could praying be secret?



42.

Verse 405

Love feels pity for us today,
Becoming Soul of the Soul for us.

Every particle knows the land of Absence
Under the light of Divine Knowledge.

Love is such a chemistry
That it not only turns copper into gold,
It even turns the dirt
Into the treasure of meaning.

Love opens the door of heaven
And sometimes makes the mind like a ladder.

Love sets the table of joys like wine.
Sometimes scatters pearls like oceans.

Love sometimes becomes
A doctor like Jesus Christ,
Sometimes becomes a host like Abraham.

Even if lover hears the words,
"You will never see me."⁴¹
"He still trust the love of the Beloved.

The Beloved's favor becomes another Noah
In the flood whose water is blood.

He hears the voice of
"Thee alone we ask for help."⁴²
And does a favor, becomes our helper.

When His love becomes company
Every hair of the devout becomes royal.

He has brought peerless gifts.
He keeps sharing those gifts.

It is only a charlatan or the ignorant
Who try to stand on the road of lovers.

If his soul is as heavy as iron,
He dips it in salty water, upside down.

I wonder what that tongue tasted
That it always desires to be mute and silent.



43.

Verse 419

Nine levels of heaven become slaves
And servants to lovers.
The Glory of lovers would become eternal.

The garden of Lovers would
Stay green and fresh
And their sun shine forever.

Love's cupbearer would come to us
With glass in hand until eternity.

Nightingales of heart will become drunk forever.
Soul's parrot keeps eating sugar.

Love's breast would be full of milk all the time.
The Mother of Glory would deliver joy constantly.

Grace, charm of Beloved who deceives lovers
Wouldn't decrease but increase all the time.

The eye is scattering pearls for His ruby lips.
His ruby lips should praise those pearls.

His drunk eyes opened our eyes.
He should also open
The others who wish and plead.

The Beauty of that charmer snatched our heart.
He should be quick to hunt and catch it.

If my bird of Soul won't fly toward love
His wing, his arms should be broken.

Love smiled when he saw me crying.
I wish the whole world would
Be filled with laughter by that smile.

Even stones are melted, become water
For the shame of His ruby lips.
I wish those stones would be bashful
Because of His shame.

I become silent. Only wine matures
And beautifies the meaning of my words.
I wish it would increase constantly.



44.

Verse 432

Lovers are all in the open,
But not the Beloved.
Who has ever seen a love
Like that in the whole world?

Before a lip was drawn
At the picture of the Soul
Hundreds of thousands
Of Souls came to lips.

Kaabe Kavseyn⁴³ has thrown an arrow from above.
Pierced all the shields of the sky.

Heart suffered grief thousands of times
Before beloved of Absence
Lest this world

He bit the hand of separation so many times
Before he bit those sweet lips.

He harvested caprice and coyness
A thousand time before
He ever gathered one piece
Of sugar cane from His lips.

A thousand thorns got stuck
In the heart before one rose
Was picked from His rose garden.

Heart suffered from Him immensely
But always stayed away from
Other's loyalty with His hope.

He put His grief above favors,
His torment above other joys.

His thorns are above a hundred roses.
His lock is better than hundreds of keys.

His oppression snatched the ball
From the cycle of success.
Sugars have come out from
The poison of His grief.

His unwillingness, His rejection
Is better than other's acceptance.
Ruby and pearls are all that conform with His stone.

In front of Abu Said's⁴⁴ happiness
All these worldly pleasures are nothing.

In front of the abundance that Beyazid has found
The rest of the earth's abundance is worthless.

Only Ferid among the Attar⁴⁵
Has found the light that Senai⁴⁶ described
And has reached uniqueness.

All this sweet and buttery food
Looks good to you now.
But when it stays with you
For one night it turns into a mess.

You eat all those sweet, buttery things from Love.
You are nourished by love so your wings will grow.
You will gain the strength to fly.

Like Abraham, when he was a baby in the cave,
He was nursed by milk coming from his finger.

Let's leave this alone.
Look how the fetus sucks the water of life
From the blood inside of the mother's belly.

Fate, which makes your stature tall and straight,
In the end will bend like the bow and arrow, folded in two.

But the stature that is from Love
Will keep growing to the arch of the sky.

No. Be silent.

The One who knows the secret is always ready.

"We are closer to Him than His carotid artery."⁴⁷



45.

Verse 454

P. 228 of original Divan.

Your kindness comes after sorrow, every moment.
Otherwise nobody could stand this suffering.

Make me drunk constantly
With the wine that gives no hangover.
I don't want any other wine.

We are the reed bed.
He is the fire.
We are waiting to be burned by the fire.

This reed bed is watered by His fire
It grows, becomes greener with that fire.

We are fresh, green
With the Beloved for eternity.
He is such a spring that there
Is no winter after that.

We would be annihilated,
Go beyond everything.
Because disasters perish
Only those who exists.

To become nothing is to be something.
To die from being, from existence
Is the only way to reach eternity.



46.

Verse 461

*T*he one to whom the secret of love appears
Loses his being because he becomes
Annihilated in the Beloved.

Light a candle and put it in the sunshine.
Look how it becomes engulfed by sunlight.

The candle's light is there
At the same time, it is not.
You cannot see it but
It still exists in the sunlight.

This body's fire is like that
In the light of the Soul.
This fire cannot be seen,
But it is still there.

The river flows, cascades down to the sea.
But when it becomes submerged there it disappears.

There is a quest as long as
There is searcher.
When the one who has searched is found
The search will be called off.

Therefore, as long as there is a search
The searcher is deficient.
When there is no more search,
The searcher becomes the commander-in-chief.

When body without love
Searches for a hat
His head is nothing but a turban.

If he suddenly sees a rose-faced one,
That turban, that head turn into a thorn for him.

The one who has these secrets in his head
Would fall on the road to Shemseddin.



47.

Verse 471

Clean Souls are ascending the sky.
Turbid souls descend to the valley,
Are buried in the ground.

Open the eye of your Soul
And look at the Souls.
How did they come?
What has happened to them?
How do they go?

Since you are on this road
Lift up your skirt because
This road is made with bloody soil.

The tulip is going with its rose-colored dress
Because it grows from the blood-stained earth.

The Soul that belongs to the throne
Goes to the side of Jesus.
The Soul of Pharaoh goes to the side of Karun.⁴⁸

When the Soul leaves the body,
The body asks to be buried.
The dead go underground
Like a bride goes to her husband's house.

My Soul flew to that Beauty
Who goes so nicely, so joyfully.

Because that Soul asks for nothing but God,
The other Soul, instead, descends down below.



48.

Verse 479

*T*he jar that isn't destroyed should ferment, foam.
May it do good to the one who
Drinks the wine of eternity.

Your love's ring should be on the ears
Of the ones who have clean, sharp eyes.

Last night, I told His cupbearer to,
"Put your mind in your head."
His cupbearer answered,
"Be drunk, lose your mind."

O God, Cupbearer of the world of Absence,
Offer more and more.
Sounds of "Drink more and more."
Should come in both worlds.

Universal intelligence, which covers the secret
Should become drunk.
The curtain of secret would be lifted completely.

At every dawn the Sun's of Beauty
Should rise to eyes without cover.

Although Shems of Tebriz
Turned his back on us,
There were a hundred thousand
Bravos given to his face.



49.

Verse 486

O one who comes to my heart
In the early dawn!
O one who, after turning
Into divine light, like a moon, walks around!

O my Beauty, your height, your stature,
Your face, your eyes spread such a light,
Such a fire to our heart.
What a fire. What a light.

You have thrown me into the fire
And still you ask me to endure.
How can I endure in the oven?

Do you remember that last night
You came as a drunk?
Were you the moon, a fairy or an houri?

Remember those sweet words you were saying?
Those signs you were making from a distance?

You were putting your fingers on your lips
Asking me not to get excited.

You were putting your hand to your mouth,
Trying to tell me to, "Be patient, don't show your
excitement."
But who could stay cool for those beautiful lips?

You raised your face to the sky and said,
"May God keep evil eyes from your beauty."

O my Beauty who is beyond form,
There is a new Joseph every minute
At the well of Heart.

50.

Verse 495

Mind is a road block
On the journey, O son.
The road is wide open.
Untie this bond, tear that one, O son.

Mind is bondage.
Heart is a trick, a deceit.
Soul, the cover and curtain.
This road is hidden from all three of these, O son.

If you give up mind, Soul and heart
You will reach the truth.
This is expected from you, O son.

The man who hasn't surpassed himself
Is not a man.
Love without suffering is nothing
But a story, a story O son.

Make your chest the target of the Beloved.
Look, His bow, His arrow are ready, O son.

There are hundreds of traces, marks
On the forehead of the one whose
Heart is wounded by His arrow.

Love is not for weak and fragile people.
Love is for the strong ones, O son.

One who is servant - slave to lovers
He is the sultan of sultans
O son.

Don't ask for love from others.
Ask for love from love.
It is a cloud that rains pearls, O son.

Love doesn't need my translation.
Love is his own translator, O son.

If you want to ascend to the seven levels of heaven,
Love is a beautiful ladder, O son.

Wherever you see a caravan on the road,
Make sure that the Kible⁴⁹ of that caravan is love, O son.

If this world doesn't stop you from love,
Doesn't cheat you, it will slip
Away from your eyes, O son.

Come to your senses. Be silent.
Close your mouth like a shell.
Because that tongue of yours
Is the enemy of your Soul, O son.

Shems of Tebriz has arrived.
The Soul is in joy,
Because he became a companion to him, O son.



51.

Verse 510

I became crazy, insane.
Then I came without heart and Soul, O son.
Look at the color of my face.
Understand who I am, O son.

No. That's not true.
I didn't come, you came.
You hide in my being.
You came, O son.

Keep smiling like gold inside of fire
For some time
And see a smiling fortune and destiny, O son.

There are thoughts in the tavern of heart
Because drunks are quarreling, O son.

You put your foot down.
Insist, watch the exuberance of the drunks.
The door is broken.
The doorkeeper run away, O son.

I came, I brought you a mirror.
Don't turn your face away.
See your face, O son.

My curse is the mirror of your belief.
Watch the curse. Watch the faith, O son.

I am yelling when I am silent.
I came to you by talking,
And, at the same time, keeping silent, O son.



52.

Verse 518

Open the secret, don't hide.
Don't exalt your slave.

If mistakes have been made,
If things have been done that shouldn't,
You knew better.
Don't think all of them from us.

P. 229 of original Divan.

Even if I am a peasant,
I am from your village.
Don't treat me rough.

You made me a master in love
But don't consider me a master.
Count me as a pupil.

You are grabbing my neck
So I can yell and scream,
Ask you not to hold me there.

I am your sticks and straws.
Drag me to the sea.
But don't make me deserve that sea.
Take me to your sea.

Selahaddin came from the assembly of Elest.
Don't consider him from today, from tomorrow.



53.

Verse 525

Come to the greenery and close the door
So nobody will see this gathering.

I have been wounded by every headless,
Handless people's evil eyes.
Have sustained so many losses.

We have seen so many evil eyes that,
Their bad omen would even make
The Sun and the Moon dark.

The fight of lions would be away from the dog's eye.
The cradle of Jesus would be away from the horse's ass.

If the evil eyes are flying arrows,
Solitude and secrecy are the shields of their arrows.

But good eyes and evil eyes are all mixed.
Not everybody could differentiate real gold from
counterfeit.

His devout ones even hide their sighs.
They wait for early dawn when they are alone.

But those drunks have no control about themselves.
They don't have anything but God's protection.

Don't make a storm.
Don't talk about goodness.
Beauties and dust get in the eyes from the wind.



54.

Verse 534

Look at his cheek secretly.
Open your eyes, watch his drunk eyes.

When he smiles, that worthy agate
Captivates hundreds of thousands of hearts.

Raise your head from drunkenness,
Look at his business, occupation.
Watch his awareness, his good fortune.

Enter the vast garden of heart
That sees all kinds of sweet fruits from that garden.

See the green branches.
Watch the beauty of the roses
That have no thorns.

How long will you be counting
The beauties of this world?
Turn your head.
See his secrets, his divine wisdom.

Look at the greed in the nature of plants and animals.
Then see his kindness, his generosity.

Greed and generosity are all Love's business.
If you haven't seen Love, see His business.

If you haven't seen Love
Change from one color to the other,
See the color of the lover's faces who cry for Him.

Even if He is such a difficult seller.
See the one who buys Him
With or without money.

55.

Verse 544

A new door is opened in love.
There is a new brightness
In the beauty of Joseph now.

Good news to the awake heroes of love.
I saw a different dream last night.

New means are given
To seekers beyond these means.

Even wine doesn't rain from clouds.
A different water of life is given to life.

Friends have become unruly.
But God gave new people
With whom to talk, to deal.

New plains, new water was given
To lovers so love will renew its greenery.

The hearts that are full of love's wounds
Have been hung on new hooks.

If love gave you a bad name, don't worry.
Love has more names and more titles.

If the shoemaker became angry,
New remedies were found.
There are new shoes, new clogs for lovers.

It doesn't matter if a Sufi doesn't
Know the words, the alphabets.
There are other means to tell love's stories.

I have learned new manners
By Shemseddin's desire
In the vicinity of Tebriz.



56.

Verse 555

One who is lost in thought
By putting his head on his knee!
O one who knows everything inside,
Has become totally absolute knowledge!

Everybody's secret is in front of your eyes.
Nothing is secret for you.
Bravo for that eye, that sight.

It is a sea of blood, not eye.
O heart, beware of the wound
That the eye could open, beware.

Even if there is good news on his eyelashes,
O Lovers, still beware of him. Beware.

He is like water under straw.
Don't step on it insolently,
You will lose your head.

You look sleepy, but you
Are the source of awareness.
You stay awake because of His sleep, O son.

I will tear my dress to pieces for you.
But you are more fiery than this, O brother.

You drink vinegar, asking where the honey is.
Your hand is in poison asking where the sugar is.

All your life you have been soaping your Soul.
I wonder if you have a Soul.

How long will you be polishing my mirror?
You should be ashamed of the mirror maker.

Escape to the sea of shems of Tebriz
Then your Soul's mirror
Will shine and be beautiful.



57.

Verse 566

*I*t is enough for that moon-faced one
To raise all this hell.
It is enough to make the earth
Turn upside down.

The tongue has lost all its power,
Become helpless and confused.
At the same time the head
Is becoming dizzy.

So many heads are kept shaking
With a dry mouth and wet eyes.

Look at the Beloved's image in his eyes.
That image is kept moving
In the darkness of those eyes.

I will tell His words secretly from now on.
I quit talking, I shout my mouth, O son.

O smooth-faced tongue
Go to His side, stay in His temple,
Look at His face.

O morning breeze, look carefully at His face.
Fill your eyes and heart
With His beauty and charm.

If you see our Beloved look sour-faced,
Be sure this is nothing but
A layer of his zeal.

There is no hair in the water,
Only the reflection of it.
Bitterness in the sugar is only an appearance.

I swear not to talk. What is this?
I guess repentance is not destined for His lovers.

Repentance is like a bottle.
His love is like a dye maker.
The bottle maker has no business next to him.

I would break the bottle
And scatter it under the feet.
That would hurt the feet of the ignorant.

The police of the ones who
Are wounded is our Beloved.
He tied me, carried me to that police.

The dimple on his chin
Is the dungeon of the police.
Take me there so I can
Put the chain of his hair on my feet.

It is nice to be tied and thrown in the dungeon
Wish the ones whose heart one aware
There is a nice life, compatibility forme there

I am melting with His love, like a moon.
At the same time, I am so much in love
With the moon that keeps whirling in the sky.

Hundreds of years will pass, after me.
This gazel will still be read.
It will turn into the beauty of Joseph.
It will rise like a moon.

Because heart doesn't decay under the ground
I told this gazel from the heart, not from the lung.

I resemble David.
You are beautiful birds.
These gazels are like written Zebur.⁵⁰

P. 230 of original Divan.

God, don't destroy the wings of these birds.
Because they are real friends of David.

God, I would put my hand
Over my lips, be silent and stop talking.
Because I have become more drunk now.



58.

Verse 587

I went there as a drunk and said,
"O my Beauty, since you made me
Crazy, insane, give me your ear. Listen."

He answered, "Look and see.
I have an earring in my ear.
Why don't you get there and stay in my ear."

I reached to his ear.
He hit my hand and said,
"Pull your hand away from me."

He added, "First become a pearl
In purity to deserve a Sultan.
Then find your way to this circle.

How could my gold earring,
An ordinary bead, be a part of it?
How could Jesus ascend to the sky with a donkey?"



59.

Verse 592

What does Love have to do
With belief, with unbelief?
What Soul has anything to do
With name, with fame?

Lovers resemble balls on the
Club of the Beloved.
What ball has anything to do
With hands, with feet?

A ball runs in the direction
That the club hits it.
It has nothing to do
With above, with below.

He is a mirror.
Beauties look at him.
The mirror has nothing to do
With a beautiful or ugly face.

The lizard gave up drinking water.
It doesn't matter if there
Is a fountain or a water carrier.
The lizard has nothing to do with them.

What does the feet of the image
Whose house is memory
Have anything to do
With the house, the location?

What did Jesus, who
Passed through the atmosphere
Have to do with heat, with cold?

O notes and pamphlets, go away.
What does the announcer of absence
Have to do with words, with fights?



60.

Verse 600

If you are aware of His love's secret
You would give your Soul
Just to look at the Beloved.

Love is a sea that has no bottom.
The water of that sea is fire
Its waves are pearls.

Its pearls are secrets.
Each of these secrets
Lead the searcher to absolute truth.

If you received some information from that
As small as a tip of hair,
You would give up these two worlds,
Turn your back on them.

I was drunk last night, fell asleep.
At midnight, that moon
Suddenly came to me.

He saw my pale face
Under the moonlight.
His tears dropped on my pale face.

He felt sorry and offered
Me the sherbet of union.
Every hair on my body
Has found a new life.

I was drunk with wine.
I had fallen down.
But every one of my hairs
Turned into a different eye.

I have kept looking
At the face of that Sun
Of two universes as drunk and mindless.



61.

Verse 609

*T*hat Beauty put a broom in my hand
And said, "Go ahead, dust the sea."

Then He set fire to that broom
And said, "Bring me a broom "made the by fire"

I was confused.
I prostrated at His temple.
He said, "Prostrate the way
It will be if no one prostrates."

"Ah," I said, "how could that be?
Prostration without someone who prostrates."
"Without me, without you
He answered.

I said, "All right, here is my neck.
Cut it with Zulfekar⁵¹

He drew His sword and cut my neck off.
My head dropped in front of me.
Then a thousand heads grew from my neck.

I was like an oil lamp.
Every one of my heads was like a wick.
Everywhere the air was filled with sparks.

Candles and lamps came out of my heads
And they covered the air from East to West.

What is East and West
In the land of Absence?
A dark stoke-hole is very
Useful only in the bath.

O one who has a cold temperament
Where is the cup of your heart?
How long will you stay in this bath?

Get out of the bath.
Don't go to the stoke-hole.
Come to the place where you undress
And watch the pictures.⁵²

See all the beautiful pictures.
Look at the colors of the tulip garden.

After seeing them, look at the window.
That Beauty became more beautiful
From reflecting on the window.

The six dimensions are the bath.
The land of Absence is the window.
The face of the Sultan is appearing on the window.

Earth and water are beautified by His reflection.
He is scattering Souls to the land
Of the Turk, also to Zanzibar.

Day has come to an end
But my story isn't finished,
O Beautiful, whose words
Make days and nights bashful.

The Sultan, Shems of Tebriz
Keeps making me drunk,
Drags me from one dreaminess to the other.



62.

Verse

O clumsy, ignorant Heart,
Afraid of Mars, afraid of Sultans
When they start treating you with respect and kindness.

The Sultan's offer is a sweet morsel
But when you see the bait
Afraid of the trap.

Rain is God's compassion, His mercy
But be afraid of thunder and lightning.
You are the day's Sultan
But you're afraid of the days.

The kindness of the Sultan
Makes you insolent
But afraid of untimely insolence.

Don't be sure of the smile of the lion,
Afraid he may drink blood from the wound.

O fly, don't give your heart to sugar.
The eye resembles a walnut.
But be afraid of the walnut.



63.

Verse 632

Don't ask about our situation if that Beauty,
Whose face resembles the moon, is not with us.
Don't ask what has happened to us with His love.

Look and see. Everywhere, up and down,
Is filled with lights from His face.
Don't ask about swift moves,
The sway of that great stature.

Look at my tears that are raining
Like pearls because of Love.
But don't ask me about clarity,
About the waves of the sea.

Don't step on our blood.
Don't ask about our longing, our melancholy.

See the blood of our heart,
But don't mention it to anyone.
Don't ask about that charmer,
That trouble-making Beauty.

Look and see. The wings of
A hundred thousand of heart's birds are broken.
Don't ask about Kafdagi.⁵³
Don't ask about the Phoenix.

There are hundreds of resurrections
In the calamity of Love.
See today's resurrection,
Don't ask for tomorrow's.

O the one who falls in dreams
You are far away, too far.
Don't ask of His secret
To a confused mind.

How long will you be asking,
"Who was Shems of Tebriz?"
Look at my cascading tears, don't ask the sea.



64.

Verse 641⁵⁴

Nowadays, your own Soul
Is the only one who comes to help,
To listen to your complaints.

If you know the secret of His secret
Close your mouth. Be silent
So nobody will hear.

The chest of the lover is clear water.
Souls are sticks and straws on that.

If you see His face, don't breathe.
Breath damages the mirror.

A sun rises from the heart of the lover.
Its light fills the front and back of the universe.



65.

Verse 646

*H*is gold and silver slowly got in his way,
Brought new trouble, new fight to his head.

Love has worn his fur
Inside out, then appeared to him.⁵⁵
Merchants run away because of his wickedness.

His face has slowly become pale.
His wet eyes have slowly dried.

Fears, anxieties opened the door for him,
But love kicked him out of the door.

Slowly his leaves and branches dried
Because his roots were cut.

Satan started to say "La havle"⁵⁶ slowly.
He fell in love.
His arms and legs became loose.

P. 231 of original Divan.
Slowly the Sufi started
To patch his mantle.
His ecstasy when he
Tore his mantle has gone.

He has left love.
Has given his heart to this world.
From now on, his Beloved
Doesn't come to his arms.

For that reason he shakes his head, wretchedly.
He became crippled, kept falling.

I would give him a big sagrak⁵⁷
So he could jump, start dancing.

He opens his hands in such a way
That even the sky hears
The voice of "God is great."

Our prince has enough of these words.
He is tired of these words.
Talk of other subjects, bring other words.

I am Love's martyr.
I am not afraid of the prince.
Is death ever afraid of the dagger?

Lovelessness is the worst kind of death.
Why is the shell so much concerned about the pearl?

Leaves keep trembling in order
To preserve the green branches.
Their fears are from dryness.

Every shell runs down to the bottom of the sea.
Because it is afraid someone
Will grab the pearl from his arms.

A beautiful sea or fire are the same
If the shell loses its pearl.

That shell is in joy without eyes, without meats.
It keeps its Soul's eye on the pearl inside.

If a lover is lost in the caravan
Hizir will be his guide on the road.

The merchant cries because
Someone in his group is lost.
But the donkey keeps laughing in its barn.

In short, he has left love.
Preferred to hold the tail of the donkey.
His ambergris became the dried dung of the donkey.

He has left the throne.
Sits on top of the donkey's dried dung.
In short, the donkey's fly became
His commander-in-chief.

The donkey's fly is that anxiety, that image
That gives itching like a ringworm
To the one who has it.

If he doesn't feel shame and give this up
I will show other horns to you.

Don't act like a donkey.
To break your other horn, like another man
Because, from where he is assembled,
The Day of Judgement
Is when the three horned ox comes.



66.

Verse 671

*A*s long as you are cheerful,
Go, tell your slave, "Be somber."
As long as you are great, superior,
Tell hundreds like us, "Go. Be miserable."

Everything you do should fit your desire.
Let the lovers yell and cry.

You are the victorious Sultan
And helped by the Almighty, treasure is yours.
Let your slave be hanged like Mansour.

I am a drunk camel,
I don't want august's rose.
If there is a thorn on your way
I will gladly eat it.

Say anything you want about secrets.
I don't hear any words except His news.

O heart, since you are from the place of the Beloved.
Look at His face that attains your desire.

He is the doctor, visits the patient.
O body that became lost on the roads, got sick.

If you are the second of two,⁵⁸
With the hopes of meeting a friend of the Soul,
A friend of the cave, go enter the cave.

If you want to receive the favors of spring
Sow the seed of love, make an offering.

O Harvest, if you want to reach
That beautiful moon-face,
Escape from the thief, go to that barn.

Don't say anything besides
The Beloved's beautiful words.
Close your mouth, talk less.



67.

Verse 682

Don't kill the one to whom you give life.
If you didn't give life,
Don't kill the lifeless picture.

Tell it to your ill-mannered hair
Which is divided in the middle.
O peerless beauty,
Say, "Don't kill the faithful."

O sun, don't show your face gracefully.
Don't kill a couple of days old moon.

Since you are the Phoenix,
The essence of Kafdagi's greatness,
Return, don't kill the birds.

Don't get every poor one's blood on your hands.
Don't kill anybody but the hakan⁵⁹ from the land of Kubad.⁶⁰

If your love's doorkeeper
Opens the door for us,
Don't be jealous, don't kill the doorkeeper.

Even if I become insolent,
Since I am your guest
It doesn't measure you.
Don't kill the guest.

I am the drunk of this square.
I fall down here.
Don't break the bottle.
Don't kill this square's drunk.

O Shems of Tebriz, you are my sultan.
I became a falcon.
Don't kill the Sultan's falcon.



68.

Verse 691

You are ours.
Your heart became cheerful like ours.
Be free at the rose garden,
Like the free cypress.

O Graceful, delicate one,
If you are good in love
Be a master to open the heart, like love.

When grief comes grab it by the neck.
Take your revenge.
Be the master of justice.

When your soul is drunk
At the assembly of God,
Let your body be another human among the people.

Sometimes, smile to Shirin like Husrev.⁶¹
Sometime be like Ferhad who bore the mountain.

Sometimes scatter joy like His rose garden.
Sometimes cry like the nightingale.

Be the ground in front of Him
When His cypress-stature starts swaying.
Be a wind when His rose scatters ambergris.

In summing up O brother,
Be like the firmament.
Keep setting this worn-out world again and again.

Be like the porcupine in the thorns.
Pull your head inside.
Be cheerful, but be cautious.



69.

Verse 700

Reason has come.
O Lover, run away.
Woe is for us. Alas for us.

O eye, O reason,
Either leave our assembly
Or I will have no eyes, no ears.

You resemble the water.
Either stay away from our fire
Or get into our kettle.
Boil with us.

If you don't want the reason to destroy you,
Annihilate, plunge into the sea,
Rock with the waves.

If you say, "I am a lover."
They will try you.
Don't put the turban on your head,
Drink from the big glass of heroes.

I kept being exalted by the drunkenness of love.
I kept yelling and screaming like a harp.
But I am not aware of it.

O Shems of Tebriz, you destroy me.
You are the cupbearer.
You are the wine and at
The same time, the tavern keeper.



70.

Verse 707

*T*hat sweet of the sweetest
That Sultan of Beauties,
Suddenly came with a sour face.
My sweet soul would be sacrificed
To that sour face.

I said to the eye "don't see distorted."
Who has ever seen a smiling rose
Show a bitter face?.

When His face shines at the dungeon
That resembles a well
All the sour-faced people disappear.

I searched His garden and meadow.
I swear to God, I haven't found
One sour fruit there.

The Sultan smiles in the harem
But shows himself sour-faced at council of state.

If you have faith, don't believe in honey and sugar.
Faith becomes sour.

No wonder the unbeliever is sour.
Like the eggplant which is related to sour.



71.

Verse 714

O Kingdom of Love
That open hearts in the world.
O one who has had good fortune,
Been honored by the secret of God,
"God does what He pleases."⁶²

O the joy that is hidden in the torment of love!
How wonderful, how wonderful
Is the Kingdom of Love?

O love's face that is more Soul than Soul!
O the Kingdom of Love that is better
Than any post, more than Soul.

I have been freed from worshipping, ostentation.
I have understood that their source is the Kingdom of
Love.

If the sun turns from one place to the other
It is not from separation.
The Kingdom of Love takes off
From one place and settles in another.

P. 232 of original Divan.

People say, "Our end would be auspicious."
Our end is the Kingdom of Love.

I closed my mouth.
Because the Kingdom of Love
Has opened its wing
At the heart of God's people.

Praying is like a basket woven of rushes.
This Kingdom is for Abraham.
But Love's Kingdom doesn't fit in this basket.

Love is union.
Here, there is no duality.
Either you or Love exists.



72.

Verse 723

To be a lover rather than to worry
About modesty and bashfulness?
That is impossible.
Throw them to the stones.
Break them to pieces.

Run away from everything by limping.
The road is rocky and far.
Try to advance like a lame person.

If death is brave enough,
Let him come close to me.
I will take him in my arms, squeeze him.

I will take a Soul from him
Without color, without odor
And let him take my colorful mantle from me.

If you don't want to be called
To fight again and again.
Accept the cruelty and torture
Of the Beloved as a favor.

But if you don't want to have
His shine and polish
Remain like a dirty, rusty mirror.

Put your hand on your eyes,
Say "Thank you, thank you."
Don't gaze around like an idiot.



73.

Verse 730⁶³

Come inside.
Tell the whole thing.
Explain openly.

If you are a bow, don't stay there.
Come close to me.
That news will jump out
Of the bowstring like an arrow.

O one who has been involved with nonsense,
Don't waste time searching here and there.
If you jump, jump out from all directions.
Free yourself.

There is nobody.
But you are the head of this village.
You know the situation of this village.
You could tell.

Since you cannot come Friday,
At least promise me to come Thursday.

There is a certain pleasure in lying
But that pleasure doesn't match telling the truth.

You are telling me you saw Shems of Tebriz.
If you did, tell me a small attribute of his.



74.

Verse 737

I have spent my life
With the love of heart.
I don't have any fear from heart
Because of the sorrows of heart.

Heart has come with intention to my Soul.
Soul has been watching to see
What heart is going to do.

Heart has been running away
From the circle of religion.
Because his place is in the curls
Of the hairs of beauties.

I have been turning around
The one who spins my heart.
He is the only one who could
Reach my yells because of heart's struggles.

At night He took sleep away from my eyes.
I wait until morning so I can
See the face of heart.

My body has become like a bow
By bending down to see the statue of heart.

That world is a spark from the shine of Heart's sun.
This world is a drop from the sea of heart.

Close your lips because yells and screams
Of the heart are ascending to the sky
Without tongues and lips.



75.

Verse 745

There is a journey toward
The place of that Sultan of Beauty.
There is a journey to the place
Where that beautiful sun rises.

The caravan of the last ones started the journey.
Come on O slow ones, hurry up.
There is a journey.

Go to that sea of bravery like a hero.
O brave ones, there is a journey.

The light of the Sultan's face is filed with earth.
O night watchman, it is morning, there is a journey.

Fly like the birds of Abraham
Toward the place of your Master.
Because without Him, no property
No goods would exist. There is a journey.

An assembly of friends is pouring
Like rain to their origin,
To the sea of Soul.
Running like a torrent, there is a journey.

The governors of the land of Absence
Have become poor lovers of the Khan.
There is a journey.

Leave the house, property.
Leave the family, the mattress and pillows.
Give up the horse, mule, halter and saddle.
There is a journey.

Even lifeless dirt came to life
At the assembly of Sultan Shems of Tebriz.
There is a journey.



76.

Verse 754

Terci-i Bend

Even if your heart becomes tired and frustrated
There is no way to get out of this journey.

Relax, don't shake your head from left to right.
Get going. Quit being lazy.

Otherwise, they will drag you.
There is a guard on every corner.
There is an envoy everywhere.

You are not home. Where are you?
People's thoughts are in the hands of ogres.

They cast spells on the eyes of the people
So they cannot differentiate high from low.

But there are other magicians
Who bewitch the magicians.
They control the hearts of others.

Don't look around with confused eyes.
Pay attention to the essence
So you won't be without it.
At the time of your death

Read the verse of "We who have
Sent down the Remembrance."⁶⁴
And be grateful because the sun has
Come down to earth from on high.

That is not the sun that burns the face.
That is not the sun that sets at night.

Don't yell too much because the Beloved is near.
So close that it is said, "He is inside of you."

Even God has been concealed but still appears.
There are miracles. There are solid witnesses for that.

"Man is ever hasty,"⁶⁵ said He.
But don't haste. Be patient.

"Our God scatter patience to us."
Don't make our feet slip
On the surface of this earth.⁶⁶

Mention the Terci in one sign.
Close the door.
Don't leave room for reproachment.



O one who gave up conditional
And unconditional situations
And went to the house,
"There are brave ones inside."⁶⁷

O one who has seen God's face,
This world resembles a mole on His face.

The mole becomes beautiful with the face.
If you don't see this, rub your eyes.

If you rub your eyes, you will
See a new beauty and maturity
On every ugly face.

Before you see the essence of the face of greatness
You see many beauties that remind you of Him.

His Beauty attracts the people.
He holds the Soul by its ear
And drags it to Himself.

P. 233 of original Divan.

You recognize the earth
Of the Beloved's surroundings by its smell.
That dirt is better than pure, clear water.

Look at that pure, clear water.
Watch the reflection of the sun and moon there.

When I hear His sweet voice,
The sound of my talking increases my disgust.

Hold His shirt. I mean embrace His troubles
So hundreds of wings will grow on you from them.

It isn't worth it to give
Your head to this headache.
Think about that and give up gossip.

It gives dreaminess to your head, makes you drunk.
There is a magic behind that drunkenness.

Stay awake all night for that Moon.
Don't do anything besides praying and worship.

Time for the Terci came. Start a new stanza.
Be endless, limitless like His Beauty.



The others left for their homes.
You and I are the ones who
Stayed with the Love that goes on.

Whoever is lost in You.
Makes fast inside of fasting,
Makes namaz inside of namaz.

Only the sober ones talk about His secrets.
When man is annihilated there
Is no secret in Nothingness.

O One who entreats no one,
Don't take the chain from our neck.
That craziness that you gave us is so nice.

The Sultan's necklaces are nothing compared to this chain.
Lovers don't need necklaces.

Offer Hızir's water of life to the rose
And thorn at the same time.
Make odd and even a peer to coyness.

Accept the supplication of the one
Who puts his head to Your ground
For real, or as a pretense.

No matter what happens to me
You burn and melt me in the spring of Beauty.

Either make or wreck the lovers.
As long as your beauty is
In your desire, that is enough.

You write either the word of
Admissible or non-admissible on their forehead.

Break them like the string
Of a harp if You want,
Or take your hand like a ney; play.

If You want, You make them
Worthless like stone and dirt.
If You want, You make them
Valuable like a pearl.

At the end, O Mahmud,⁶⁸ your favor
Your kindness is the best.
All Souls are Eyaz⁶⁹ for you.

Soul became free after being your slave.
Reason became master with your training.



Who are we, who, When you say, "I am I"
When will our copper merge with alchemy?

Night has passed, is gone.
For what good is night
Except to be destroyed by sunlight.

What is the depth of winter and extreme cold
In front of Your July?

This July is like cold winter
Compared to the July of Your sunny face.

This hope, this fear is like a purse-maker
In Your store of longing.

The star of Suha⁷⁰ has been
Doing the prostrating of Sehv⁷¹
At Your great namaz of maturity.

O Soul of morning,
You cut the neck of sleep.
There is no need to teach you about morning.

Your hand turned the big dragon
Into a staff.
You also change our love
To an unimposing, pure shape.

I thank God that even if I have a strange color
Nevertheless I merged with the sea of kindness
And superiority. I swim in that sea.

I raise my hands for prayer
And give thanks because I have seen
Immortality in that sea of purity.

You are like a Soul that has no place, no house.
I am like a body searching for You.
That keeps looking from place to place.

Life was ending day by day without You.
At last it reached the one like You
Who adds Soul to Souls and is saved from mortality.

You have goodness with no limit to Your favors.
You gave love and ecstasy to every creature.
It is only natural if I am out of myself.

Look and see.
My Terci is greeting You.
Asking, "How are You?
Did I give You a headache?"



77.

Verse 810

We arrived at the threshing floor of soul.
We arrived like a big falcon
At the place of the Sultan, again.

We are tired of being strange and separated.
We came to the place of our beginning, our origin.

We are free from poverty,
Saved from begging.
Start dancing, smiling and being coy.

We will be fed in the arms
Of the ones who know the secret,
Because now we are behind the curtain of secret.

He threw a reign on us and pulled.
We came to the One who arranges cause and means.

Before death ruins this house
We are united with the One
Who builds houses, thank God.

Our loaf is cooked.
It's smell is coming to our nose.
We came to the side of the baker
After receiving that smell.

Enough. Be silent.
Let the soul be the interpreter.
Let him talk and say,
"We are freed from the bottom
Have reached the top."



78.

Verse 818

I carry this burden again,
Again every single day.
I go through this trouble
Only for one reason.

I suffer the cold and snow of winter
With the hope of reaching spring.

I have been dragging this weak, tired body
To the place of the Beauty who feeds
And develops every lean person.

I will endure again if they
Expel me from two hundred towns.

I show royalty to a tulip garden
Even if my house, my store are burned.

I would store the load of my Soul
In the fort of God's love.

I would tolerate the caprice
Of every stone-hearted stranger
For a unique Beloved.

I kept digging the mountain, the mines
For your ruby lips.
I kept carrying a load of thorns
For a rose.

I have the hangover
Of His sleepy narcissus eyes.
I suffer the drunkenness of them.

I have set a trap, a scarecrow
For a prey that is uncatchable.

P. 234 of original Divan.

He said, "You will suffer until
The last day of judgment."
Yes, my friend, I will, I will.

Heart is like a cave.
Shems of Tebriz is a friend.
I have no choice.
I will stay in that cave for a friend.



79.

Verse 830

I am a lover, never stayed away from lovers.
O brave, I was never afraid of war.

I attack the lions like a lion.
I have not been hidden like a fox.

I intend to climb the roof of sky.
I haven't tried to step down
In the middle of the ladder.

I was a panacea for every trouble.
I haven't run away from the headache
Of this one or of that one.

Have you ever seen a medicine
That is afraid of the patient?
I am also medicine.
I am also not running away.

I have been following
In the footprint of prophets wholeheartedly.
I have not escaped like banal people.

I have been trying to hunt alive.
I'll stay alive because I did not run away from Soul.

I have not been scared
Of that big bow which throws arrows,
Because of that I was able to reach
His eyes that rain arrows.

I am not afraid of the wounds of spears.
For that reason the wound that my sword
Opened became deeper.
My arrow hit the target.

I am a sea of sugar.
I have no fear of sour.
I did not run away from loss.
I made a profit. I am gaining.

Shems of Tebriz came openly.
I did not run away from
Neither closed Nor open.



80.

Verse 841

*H*ow could I go from union to separation?
How could I wander into a desert full of thorns?

I don't go intentionally.
He is the One pulling me, dragging me.
Don't think I go with my own wishes.

I am leaving the garden and meadow.
The eyes of narcissus keep wandering about me.

Soul is here and I am going without soul.
Even mind is confused, biting its fingers.

A secret hand has grabbed my neck, is pulling me.
I follow that hand and keep going.

Whose hand is this that is secret
And at the same time obvious?
Whose hand is this that
Makes me go secretly and openly?

First, this hand put me together in order.
Now I am going in utter confusion.

I kept watching this fascinating hand
That takes me where I am going and wondering.

I am a drop of endless, bottomless sea.
I am going to that sea drop by drop.

I am a piece of barley at the mine of meaning.
I am going to that mine, Piece by piece.

I am a particle of sun
That shines on the star of Saturn.
I am going to Saturn, particle by particle.

This word will never end,
But I came from that beginning.
I am going to that end.



81.

Verse 853

I became the confidant of
The one who set out to search.
I became a friend of the one
Who settled down in the land of Glory.

I have seen a dome beyond the six dimensions.
I turned into a floor, dirt to that dome.

I became blood, flown in the vessel of love.
I became tears in the eyes of his lovers.

Sometimes I became total expression like Jesus.
Sometimes I became a silent heart like Mary.

Believe me, I became the things
That Jesus and Mary have lost.

I turned into wounds, and salve
To the everlasting lance of love.

The angel of death was my company with every step.
I would give my life if I had ever of raid from him.

I have tought with death
Face to face.
I derived great pleasure
Ftorm that

I have thrown out the burden of existence.
Then I stepped in the stirrup of immortality
Rode the horse of immortality.

Hear my ney of immortality
My back is bended like a harp
But you still listen to that neyfls sound from me.

God knows better. Once God showed His face
I reached the secret of "knows the best."

Shems of Tebriz was the biggest bairam.
I became a big sacrifice for that bairam.



82.

Verse 864

You have said, "I will love someone else.
My heart will turn into stone for you."
Instead, say, "I will kill a headless lover
With the sword of cruelty."

You say, "I will crush a pearl
With a marble stone and I will
Turn marble into pearl and garnet.

I will tie hundreds of thousands
Of believers with that unbeliever's hair.

Sometimes, I will drag lovers
And turn them into a full moon.
At other times, I will melt
And change them into a new moon.

I will fill the skulls of the ones
Who have fallen in love with wine
From the jar of Soul.
I will turn them into big wine cups.

The garden of heart is very green.
But I will dry it with separation.
I won't even leave one fruit there.

I will cut the neck of the rose sapling.
I will deliberately destroy.
Every fresh, green branch.

When the garden realizes what shape it's in,
I will quit tormenting it. I will be kind.

I will heal the sick of winter
With the spring of union.
I will nourish him with Soul.

Once more I will fill the hands
Of the poor with gold, with my favours.

I will make my slaves like kings in both worlds.
I'll make them Khan and Sencer.⁷²

Shems of Tebriz says to Soul
That I will make you commander-in-chief,
The greatest of the great by heart and soul.



83.

Verse 877

The smell of that Hutten⁷³ Beauty is coming.
The smell of that silver-like body's beauty is coming.

Songs of nightingales are coming to my ear.
I sense the smell of the garden and meadow, of
jasmine.

I have the contractions of pregnant women.
Soul's baby is coming to the gardens and meadows.

The smell of the Angel Gabriel's hair,
That scatters musk, is coming
Like a Soul to the body.

I am Joseph who has fallen into the well of separation.
A rope is coming to me from the Sultans of Egypt.

I am the martyr of love.
My coffin is stained with blood.
My blood money is coming.

Put that Sultan's crown on my head.
Because my Beloved, whose cheek is sweet, is coming.

I put my head in the basin.⁷⁴
Look at the head.
It is coming in the basin.

Souls stand in rows at the roof of body.
Because that Beauty who breaks
The rows and sheds the blood is coming.

Just like that harp, which is
Played at drinking parties, has been tuned,
Its voices of "ten-tenen" are coming to my ear.

Just like the cup bearer of Soul
Is offering such a wine to my mouth.

Or, I perceived God's smell⁷⁵ from Yemen
With sparks of Ahmet.⁷⁶

Or, I received the smell of Shems of Tebriz
And went beyond myself, yelling and screaming.



84.

Verse 890⁷⁷

I f you fall in love with me,
I will make you utterly confused.
Don't construct anything
Because I'll destroy you in the end.

Even if you make hives like the honey bee,
I will still make you homeless like the fly.

You want to make people admire you,
But I want to make you drunk and
Make you admirer.

P. 235 of original Divan.

Even if you become Kafdagi,
I'll turn you around like a windmill.

If you become Plato or Lockman⁷⁸ in knowledge,
I'll make you ignorant with one look.

You are like a dead bird in my hand.
I'll set a trap for other birds with you.

You are in front of the treasure,
Curled in sleep like a snake.
But I will make you
Writhe and wiggle like a wounded snake.

Whether you show proof or not,
I will turn you into the kind
Of proof that nobody could deny.

Whether you say Lahavle⁷⁹ or not,
I will make you Lahavle to Satan like flames.

O captive one, how long will
You be covering yourself with this and that?
You know there is that, if you give up everything,
I will make you that.

O shell, since you came to our sea,
I will turn you to a shell that scatters pearls.

I will sacrifice you like Ishmail
With the knife
That cannot cut your throat.

Since you are Abraham, don't be afraid of fire.
I will create a rose garden for you inside of the fire.

Hold our skirt if yours is wet.
Hold it so I will give you a skirt
That is made moonlight.

I am good luck for you.
I cast my shade on you.
That's the way I will make you Feridun⁸⁰
Change you to a Sultan.

Come to your senses. Read less.
Be silent. I will read.
I will turn you into the real Koran.



85.

Verse 906

O Beloved, I am your guest tonight.
What do I mean, tonight?
I am yours day and night.

We are at your table,
In front of your bowl
Wherever we are, wherever we go.

We are the pictures that drown
By your skillfull hands.
We are developed by your kindness,
Nourished by your bread.

I have been born under your Sign
Like a pigeon.
When I fly, I keep flying
Around your tower, your tent.

"Wherever you are turn your face
Toward it,"⁸¹ You said.
I am also calling Your genie
With the glass of heart.

You paint a new picture
In our brain every moment.
We are like a piece of paper
Where your writing, and Your name is written.

We are drinking very little milk
From the nanny, like Moses
Because we became drunk
From the milk of Your breast.

We are safe from the thief,
The tricks of the robber.
Because we are at Your harem,
In your treasure like gold.

Either drunk or calm our Soul is like that.
Either agile or slow, because of that Soul.

We are the ones who move
The golden ball of destiny.
How could we not move that?
We are Your club.

You make us either ball or club.
We are at your ground
This glory is enough for us.

You made us either staff or snake.
We are the miracle of Moses.
We are Your proof.

If You make us a staff
We beat the leaves with it.⁸²
In the time of war and struggle
We will become Your dragon.

Love supports us
Our face smiles
From Your garden, Your meadow.

The light that melts
And makes shadows disappear,
Casts shadows for us.
We are on Your scale like the moon.

You open this mouth.
You close this mouth.
It is on Your string.
I am Your leather bag.



86.

Verse 922

We come from the heights
We are going to the heights.
We are from the sea,
We are going to the sea.

We are not from here or there.
We are from the world of Absence.
That's where we are going.

The words of "But God is only to be worshipped."
Comes after "There is no God but God."⁸³
We are nothing. We are also
Going to the only existing One.

The saying of "come"
Is the verse in the Koran
That signifies God's pull.
We are going with the pull of great God.

We are Noah's ark at the flood of Soul.
In short, we are going without hands or feet.

We raised our heads from ourselves, like waves.
We are going to view ourselves again.

The road to God is narrower
Than the eye of the needle.⁸⁴
But we are going, like a small thread.

Come to your senses and remember,
Your friends and at all these stages.
We are advancing, we are going, every moment.

You have read the verse from the Koran
"To Him we shall surely return."⁸⁵
Understand well where we are going.

Our star is not on the Moonfls circle.
We are going to go around the Pleiades.

There is great zeal in our heads.
We are going to the heights,
To the greatest of the great God.

O blind rat, today is our day of harvest.
If you are not blind, open your eyes and see,
We are going with open eyes.

O word, be silent. Don't come with me.
Look carefully and see, with jealousy,
We are going without our Self.

O our being, don't stop us.
We are going to Kafdagi for the Phoenix.



87.

Verse 936

I will dissolve this trouble with trouble.
I will take care of this business with patience.

Either I will pull
Feet of my Soul from this mud
Or I will devote my
Heart and soul to the beautiful ones.

I am a moth who has branded
His soul with Elest's candle.⁸⁶
I have been serving to the Sultan's candle.

Love has come, has become a quest
For this ruined, burned lover.
I have only one heart.
I would sacrifice it for Love.

If Self meows like a cat
That says, "Don't come."
I will throw him in this bag, like a cat.

If someone becomes dizzy from boredom
I would pull him to Sema
And whirl him.

That laziness, that boredom
Are all from lack of love.
I would make his soul fall in love with them.

What is it to be a lover? Excess thirst.
For that reason I would tell him
About the source of life's water.

No, I shouldn't tell.
I will explain Him silently.
He can't be explained with words.
I should narrate with silence.



88.

Verse 945

Whether we talk about joy or grief,
We should sit together
And talk to each other.

If our Beloved walks ahead,
We should advance.
If our Beloved talks less,
We will do the same.

My father, mother and friends,
We become one heart, one breath
So we will arrive at the rank of Rustem,⁸⁷
We burn and destroy.

Although we are brave men,
If we start the journey alone
We become women, engulfed in sorrow,
Start yelling and screaming.

If we go to Pilgrimage alone
We cannot reach the well of Zem-zem.⁸⁸

We resemble the strings of a harp.
When we get together, we play
At high and low pitches.

When we gather together
We become human.
Let's hug the man once more.
Intention is secret, man is means.
Let's reach that most desirable coast
And set up our tent.

When immortality's Solomon sits on his throne
We would kiss his ring hundreds of times.



89.

Verse 954

*I*t is raining today.
We are digging an irrigation canal.
We clap our hands with the hope of union.

The clouds are pregnant by Love's sea
And we are pregnant with love's cloud.

Clap your hands.
Don't say you are not a musician.
You come over, we'll make you a musician.

That house is bright.
"Whose house?" you ask.
"Never mind, whoever it is
We are a slave and servant
To that bright house.

We are the curtain to our life's water (Ab-i hayat).
We are like a drop of oil
On the surface of life's water.



90.

Verse 959

P 236 of original Divan.

O Son, hold my hand.
I don't feel good today.
O one who has the cypress stature,
I don't feel good today.

No. No, don't hold my hand.
My disease comes from my heart.
Oh one who is the rose marmalade of my heart,
I don't feel good today.

I have lost all my power, strength and patience
Since you have gone.
I haven't felt good since you left.

Open your arms,
Put them around me like a belt.
I haven't felt good since
That belt stopped being around me.

I lost my strength. I lost my mind.
O doctor, put your hand on my pulse.
See, I don't feel good.

O one whose fire covers me from top to bottom,
That's why I became confused.
I don't feel good.

Why are you asking?
Without the glass of your lip,
Whether I know or not,
I don't feel good.

I keep shaking my head in every direction.
Do you know what I want to say?
I say I am not happy with my head.

I close my eyes every moment,
Because I don't like what
I see and perceive without you.



91.

Verse 968

*T*he smell of my lungs comes from my breath.
When I say, "God, God," smoke comes from my
mouth.

Even the sky started to cry from my sigh.
Every moment, to die became my custom.

If your night knew about my night,
You would understand my situation.

The school where lovers go is love.
I am in that school day and night.

Put your face to my pale face.
Put your hand on my chest.
I tremble like leaves with fever.

"I'll tell you something in your ear," I said.
"I am afraid my cheek would be burned," he answered.

"Evil eyes would stay away from your face.
I am also your admirer.
My eyes will be close to you.
I wish I could see you every moment.



92.

Verse 975

I am going to the rose garden.
If you don't want to come, don't.
I will go there alone.

My day is pitch-dark without His face.
I am going to find that bright candle.

Soul is love for me, goes in front.
"I go," Soul says, "without body."

Apple's smell is coming to me
From the garden of Soul.
I became drunk. I am going to eat the apple.

There is an eternal life
Drinking for me there.
I am going to drink, live forever.

I won't move with every wind,
Because I am going on His road
Like a mountain, like iron.

I tore my shirt, my collar
Because of separation.
I am going behind Him like a skirt.

I appear to be like oil,
But in reality I am fire.
I am going to fire, like oil.

I appear like a mountain,
But I am going to the window, piece by piece.



93.

Verse 984⁸⁹

O choice friend, how did I find you?
O heart, O one who catches heart,
How did I find you?

You used to stay away from us,
Minding your own business.
Right then, how did I find you?

How many times you have promised
But haven't kept your promise.
How did I find you this time?

How long am I going to suffer from a stranger?
Now, there is no stranger around,
How did I find you?

O one who tears the curtain of lovers,
Lift your curtain.
How did I find you?

O charmer, whose face makes
The rose gardens feel shame,
How did I find you in a rose garden?

O heart, the evil eye is dangerous,
It could cast a spell.
Don't repeat those "How did I find you"
Words all the time.

O Beautiful, who cannot be seen
Even in the dreams of Sultans,
The amazing thing is that
How I could find you when I am awake.

O Shems of Tebriz,
Glories have sparkled from you.
How could I find you among these lights?



94.

Verse 993

Since that Beauty knows Soul's curtain
For sure he knows the curtain opens to the harem.

Don't try to cast a spell on us.
When he attempts on our mind behind the curtain.

Nobody could stand still for us at that moment.
The wise and the fool would
Both run away from us.

Last night we whirled so much
Like crazy insane
That even the moon threw in its flag with jealousy.

The musician keeps looking for a fret
To play a tune of salvation
Without high and low pitches.

When reason and soul tear the curtains
Of joy and grief, they become
Drunk like a camel, start dancing.

Now, they meddle with those curtains again
And we are pushing pen on paper.



95.

Verse 1000

*I*n short, O One who adds souls to Soul,
I can't endure.
Although I became mad and left
I cannot live without you.

I try to get used to separation
But, to tell the truth, I can't endure.
How could a piece of straw endure amber?
I am a piece of straw.
I cannot endure amber.

Everyone who suffers torment
Waits for the day of relief.
I am such a lover who suffers cruelty,
But I cannot stand the relief.

He says softly, "I came back again."
I answer him, "O Beloved who became soul to us,
I cannot endure."

O Heart, O Soul, O my bright eyes
Without Tutya,⁹⁰ I cannot endure.

He was hitting my head and saying,
"You find what you deserve."
I don't deserve, I don't deserve.
I cannot endure.

I have tried death.
I have tried life.
I cannot endure being
I cannot endure absence.

O musician, for God's sake,
Play that tune.
"My God, my God I cannot endure."



96.

Verse 1009

We started a new fire at existence.
Once again, we plunged into Absence.

Goodness and evil are in the world of existence.
O brother, we are neither good nor evil.

Whatever thief firmament
Have stolen from us.
We went like a guard at night
We brought them back

We are one with hundreds of "we" and "I".
There is not even a piece of grain left from that one.
We are hundreds now.

There is no way to find your essence
Without giving up your Self.
We found our essence
After we gave up our Self.

Our height and length shrunk in front of love's.
After that we reached great stature.

We have learned the art of heroism from God.
We are Love's wrestler, friend of Ahmet.⁹¹

There are twenty-nine alphabets
In the board of existence.
We washed them all off,
Then plunged into ebcd.⁹²

Happiness is born from Shems of Tebriz.
We are the happiest of the happy
With his auspicious company.



97.

Verse 1017

We were amusing ourselves
With the love of Shemseddin last night.
Sending our Soul to the heights.

We were giving up all our belongings
With the separation of that Beloved soul.
We were sacrificing the soul of our body
To his love, that adds souls to Soul.

His love was giving hundreds of new lives.
We were in that trading.

We were out of ourselves like a harp,
Engulfed in the tune of ushak.⁹³

There was a doorkeeper at that perde.⁹⁴
We were unable to find the curtains
Because of his sparks.

We were approaching this curtain
With tricks and deceit, little by little all the time.

P 237 of original Divan.

Sign by sign, curtain by curtain
We start running like fourteen night's moon.

We pulled our heart from nature's rubbish
After the Sun rose from Tebriz.



98.

Verse 1026

Why did you stay away like a stranger?
Come, enter the circle of the insane ones.

What is this bashfulness?
First, to be a lover then shyness.
What is the Soul?
First this desire, then fear of life.

He is selling one kiss for one Soul.
Go and buy one. It is very cheap.

That sea becomes rough with love.
Even the moon in the sky
Bends its head to love.

The one whose love burns houses
Came to the neighbor's house.

O one who keeps sleep away, come tonight.
Make our sleep invisible with your union.

His slaves are the ones who protect their Sultan.
Yet our Sultan watches and protects us.

Our Sultan is far beyond sleep and awareness.
He drags his skirts right inside of our Soul.

I see a Beauty tonight
Who has a torch in his hand.
My God, who is he?

Sleep has gone.
Exuberance keeps increasing.
The elephant remembers India again.⁹⁵

God's love kept ascending to the heights.
God's arrow of fate has gone from the bow.

The seed that has been sown
In the ground of Absence has appeared
And grown like a big tree.

Lightning has struck, a fire is dropped to the fire.
Big, merciless lightning, great pitiless fire.

That tree became more green from that fire.
The rose garden has opened up because of lightning and
fire.

These trees became greener with this fire.
Water is no use for these trees.

But when you appeared the tree became hidden.
When you hide the tree appears.

The Beauty of Love's garden is Shems of Tebriz.
The same for the growth of that garden and the gardener.



99.

Verse 1043

O peace and comfort of my heart!
O one who broke my heart!
O one who pulls himself from me
Even when I am innocent!

You are away from eyes
But you are in the heart
Because you are a candle
The heart and Soul are basins.

Your soul is my soul.
My soul is yours.
Has anybody ever seen
Two souls in one Body?

My life is to merge with You.
My death is separation from You.
You made me a peerless master
In these two sciences.

I have searched, a lot, for
The fountain of life but
Hizir told me, "You cannot
Come back to life unless
You have Union with Him.

Grief can't come close to the one
Who is immersed in Your grief.
If he ever comes, his neck should be cut.

Souls keep turning around You
Because Souls are like your skin.
You are Yemen's star of Canopus.

When Hallac Mansur said the poem starting,
"That Beauty whose age is young, body is fresh."
He said it for you.

Your slave, Your servant, became
Your drunk lion, then he said,
"O charmer who is close to
The time when we made an oath
To God, because the nursing

Grief doesn't have a way to reach Your drunks.
Thought and grief are the business of Hasan's father."⁹⁶

Whoever stays at the bottom of nature's well
Has no other choice but to grab
The thought which resembles a rope.

But, if he flies the rope becomes useless.
When man reaches real belief
There is no more guessing.

O Heart, learn the language of the mute.
Talk this way so gossip will be pawned.



100.

Verse 2300

Our Sultan offers, every moment,
Treasures to idle people at cheap prices.

Come, O friends.
Come to the throne of the Sultan.
This is an effortless treasure.
Profit without loss.

He put His salve on his eyes.
What did he see?
The eyes of Soul know that
He saw glory, mercy and up
To seven stages of heaven.

What are the seven stages of heaven?
Nothing but seven steps of a ladder for him.

O One who appears as a small particle
But is a universe inside of the universe!

O One who is bent like a bow with grief
But destroys hundreds of thousands
Of rows with that bow!

O One who became four eyes
In order to find His trace,
Yet has hundreds of traces in your eyes!

He drags you to that temple
Like a protector or a watchman
In every trace, in every sign.



101.

Verse 2308

*H*ear witty remarks from the heart without words.
Understand things that cannot be understood.

There is such a fire inside
Of human's stone heart
That it burns the curtain entirely.

When the curtain is burned out,
Man could understand the stories
Of Hızir, the knowledge of Ledun.⁹⁷

From that old love new forms and images
Would be created in the soul and heart.

See the Sun when you read the chapter
From the Koran of "I swear by the dawn."⁹⁸
See the gold mine when you read the chapter,
"He cannot be compared to anyone."



102.

Verse 1069

O One who carries my heart,
Don't attempt against my soul,
Beloved, don't do to me
What I have done to you.

Look at my suffering.
I am sending it to you.
If it is not pure and clear
Don't give relieve.

Your unbelieving hair offered me
Belief and faith.
Don't show faith, even as small as a hair,
From the disbelief.

The custom of beauties is cruelty.
Follow that rule. Don't be kind.

We have put death to our heart.
Don't be slow in torturing us.

The doorkeeper of life is death.
Close the door.
Don't make death laugh.

O Zeliha,⁹⁹ love's instigation is from you.
Don't send Joseph to the dungeon for nothing.

Since you don't have the mind
Or intelligence of a rint,¹⁰⁰
Don't swear on the rint's head.

In sum, you are the light of the lover's eyes.
Don't live to make them blind.

Don't make money from the penniless.
Don't mix his money with mine by anger.

Don't light night's passangers like a stars.
Don't fill your way with passengers.

O Shems of Tebriz, show your face once.
Don't turn your face to the Beloved all the time.



103.

Verse 1081

O house bird, don't try to fly in the sky.
You don't have that kind of wings.
Don't fly to the valley.

Don't jump into the fire like Semender.¹⁰¹
Don't make a fool of yourself
By assuming exaltation.

O tailor, you don't know
Anything about the blacksmith.
That's not your business.
Since you don't have a horseshoe, don't make fire.

Before attempt that business
First learn from the blacksmith.

Since you are not a water bird,
Don't dive into the sea.
Don't attempt to swallow water.
Ride the wave, don't fool around with the sea.

If you want to travel on the sea,
Sit somewhere on a ship.
Hold on to the captain.

Even if you fall down, fall into the ship.
Stay on the ship.

If you want to ascend to heaven, talk with Jesus.
Otherwise don't attempt to climb the green dome.

You are an unripe fruit.
Stay on the branch.
Don't give up the name
Before you reach the meaning.

P. 238 of original Divan.

Shems of Tebriz stays at that temple.
You also make that place a home.



104.

Verse 1091

You are the Soul of souls.
Break and crush souls.
You are man, destroy the others.

You are immortal pearl.
Become obvious, grab a stone
And break the others.

O Sun, shines in God's sky
Destroy all the stars.

Make people's hearts see Absence.
The One who sees other's faults;
Break their hearts.

Sign and mark are curtains for the ones
Who have neither sign nor mark.

Turn the dark night into a bright day.
Break the law and order of night watchmen.

O Shems of Tebriz, you are the sun.
Break the candle of soul.
Break the candlestick, too.



105.

Verse 1098

My Beloved doesn't tell me His secret.
And my mouth is tongue tied.
I say nothing to Him.

I make excuses, saying,
"I am silent. My awakened
Heart is talking with You."

But for a stranger,
He tells His secret as well as mine.

Because of that there are
Doubt and suspicion in my heart.

It doesn't matter whether
He tells my secret or not.
I cannot be impatient with my Beloved.



106.

Verse 1103

I saw Absence in my dream last night.
I was amazed by His beauty, became bewildered.

I was out of myself
Because of the beauty, maturity
And kindness of Absence
Until early dawn.

I compared Absence to a ruby mine.
I dressed in satin of its color.

I have heart the sound of lovers.
I listen to their voices saying,
"May it do you good."

I have seen a circle that
Has become drunk with Absence.
Then I have seen that ring
Like an earring on my ear.

Then I have seen forms in the light of Absence.
I have seen the Soul of souls on his face.

When I saw the rough sea
My Soul became exalted with
A hundred kinds of excitement.

Hundreds of thousands of screams
And yells came from the sky.
I would become a slave,
A servant to such a messenger.



107.

Verse 1111

O God, don't turn this union into separation.
Don't make love's drunk cry.

Make the garden of soul green and fresh.
Don't make an attempt against the life of drunks.
Don't destroy this garden.

Don't make the leaves of heart
Fall like autumn's leaves.
Don't break the branches of heart.
Don't make people poor and miserable.

Don't break the branches of the tree
Where Your bird has nested.
Don't burn, don't hurt that bird.

Don't cause trouble to your crowd, your candle.
Don't break it. Don't hurt it.
Make enemies blind. Don't make them laugh.

Thieves are enemies of bright day
But don't grant their heart's wishes.

Kaaba of good fortune is in this circle.
Don't destroy this hope's Kaaba.

Don't break the pole of the tent.
That is your tent. Don't do it, my Sultan.

There is nothing worse
Than separation in this world.
Do whatever you want. Just don't do this.



108.

Verse 1120

Get up, cupbearer.
Fill the glasses with wine.
Subjugate them with love's wine.

Assume the name of rind¹⁰² truthfully.
Make yourself known as,
"He doesn't care. He gives up everything."

Since untrustworthy fate is subjugated to you
You should also tame your wild mount.

Burn the sky with the fire of fearlessness.
Scatter black soil on the head of the days.

Follow the ones who wear Zunnar.
Make a temple with fire and flame.
Have name and reputation that way.



109.

Verse 1120

Huten's beauty came, came among us.
Well now, wash your hands from my soul.

He gave a sword to the hand of love
And said, "Whoever you see beside me,
Cut off his head."

Throw everyone to the sea, except Noah.
It doesn't matter if they are
Beautiful or ugly, man or woman.

Whoever has embarked on Noah's ark is safe.
Throw the ones who didn't into the sea.



110.

Verse 1125

O my Soul, wherever you step
Tulips, violets and jasmine grow.

If you pick up a rose and blow
It turns into either a falcon, a dove or a kite.

If you wash your hands in a leather bag,
That bag become a gold statue
With the water from your hands.

If you pray Fatiha at the graveside
That death will reach victory, tear his coffin, get up.

If your shirt is caught on a thorn,
It will change into a harp, give melodies.

O Abraham, any idol you break comes to life,
Gains consciousness, becomes human.

When your moon hears an unlucky star,
It will reach the greatest fortune, be free from
suffering.

Someone like a human appears
In each and every breath at the place of heart,
But there is neither father nor mother there.

Then, suddenly, the human race starts coming
From the side and from behind Him.
Earth will fill up with them.

I wanted to tell another fifty verses like that,
But I close my mouth so You will open it.



111.

Verse 1129

O charmers, come on. Spring has arrived,
The sound of the ney is heard,
Everything is green, water is cascading.

O charmers, get out of your towns.
Houses cannot contain charmers.

Others have left this world with longing.
We would leave longing to the soul of this world.

Whatever this disloyal world has done to others,
We will do the same things to this world.

Let someone come in the way of the world
And challenge it. Let that world also be tried.

No. I made a mistake. The world resembles lovers.
It looks for the trouble of beauties with all its heart
and soul.

The lover's soul is alive with grief and torture.
O Muslims, that soul hurt no one.

This word blocked the way to the valley.
Although nobody searches for passage to the valley.

You say, "Doesn't the Beloved have
Closed lips and a small mouth
That gives endless relief and easiness?"

For the one who doesn't know the valley, of those lips
He would neither know the valley nor the home.

How could anyone who doesn't receive light
From the moon's reflection know the world?

The person to whom this gazel becomes a valley
Will attain the best time and drink
In the land of existence.



112.

Verse 1151

O present day's cupbearer,
The Beauty who steals mind of people.
Offer wine.

O One whose wine becomes
A ladder to the sky,
The people on earth ascend
To heaven with that wine.

Break the door of sorrow with wine.
Free the Soul from the dungeon.



113.

Verse 1154

(This gazel was written in Arabic.)

O young charmer whose body is young and tender.
O one who is closer to God's promise
Because of his nursing age.

O friend whose face resembles Hashimi,¹⁰³
Whose head is Turkish and his hair is from Deylem.¹⁰⁴
His dewlap is like the ones from the land of Rum.

P. 239 of original Divan.

His Soul is my soul, His soul is my soul.
Who has ever seen two souls live in one body?

People definitely understood that I am a lover,
But they don't know with whom I am in love.¹⁰⁵

You either separate from me or unify me with You.
Whatever comes from You is nice for me.

My country is recognized
By my possessions, my goods.
But my possessions and goods
Are also recognized by my country.



114.

Verse 1160

*I*t is very sad to have a sober one
Among the drunks, it is sad.

If a sober one comes there is
No place for him.
But for the drunk, welcome.
Pull and drag him inside.

If you want the drunkenness of wine,
Come inside. But if you worship bread
There is no bread here.

There is no place for the one
Who makes bread as his idol
Among the beauties.

If a sober one manages to get inside,
Drunks cover their face in order
Not to see that charlatan.

We want to see such a silver-bodied beauty
That we won't measure any other silver
Like him, secretly or openly.

The one who sells beauty for gold and silver
Is a prostitute, not heaven's houri.

If your heart is not clean like the Archangel Gabriel's
You cannot get into that world
Even if you are a treasure.

The wise man has washed his
Eyes for twenty years
Kept shedding bottle after bottle of tears.

They would trust and believe you.
Then you can go to the harem.
First you give up talking, close your mouth.

If you close your mouth,
Know the secret,
Then Shems of Tebriz opens
The door of Earth.



115.

Verse 1171

My soul is yours.
Your soul is my soul.
Have you ever seen two souls in one body?

O Body, even if your are alive
With hundreds souls without him.
Ask shat soul.
Don't talk about the body.

Take your heart away from this soul,
Give it to Him.
Don't bother, this soul cannot be a good soul.

Say that, "The Soul is one of the commands of my Lord."¹⁰⁶
"O my love, Soul cannot be explained
By lips or tongue, words or alphabet.



116.

Verse 1175

Everything consisting of Soul
For the dead is under His feet.
Every pearl in the earth
Is plunged in His sea.

The fire of his love
Is the act of God.
My God, how much I do suffer from him.

If the Archangel Gabriel and hundreds
Like him don't put down their head,
Prostrate on his threshold,
Pity for them, pity for them.

If he writes a decree about separation
Blood will drip from the curls of his tугра.¹⁰⁷

Whoever is not aware of this resurrection
Pity for him until the day of resurrection.

How does one spend evenings
When he is suddenly separated from such a moon?

Last night we were watching His lovers.
Their numbers were about the amount of sands in His valley.

They put up tent after tent,
Pole after pole in front of His army
At the temple of Love's Sultan.

The pole of Soul's tent was made
By pure, clear light which
Was reflected by the gleam of His face.

Today, water and fire become one because of Him.
Day and Night cease to exist in His tomorrow.

Love is a lion.
Lovers are cubs inside of his paws
Which have hundreds of nails.

Lion's cub is nursing from
His milk-rich breast and
Is secured from lion's danger.

Behind which curtain is love hidden?
Nobody will be able to see his place.

When Love rises like the sun,
The sky will be filled with his uproar everywhere.



117.

Verse 1189

We are Sufis come to Your temple.
Give us something from Your beauty for God's sake.

We have brought the kettle with our thirst
Because beauty's water flows only in His river.

O one whose temper and disposition
Has always been a kindness and mercy,
Go ahead, give something to your poor.

Joseph's beauty was the food for Soul
During the famine.
We also suffered from famine,
Came to You.

Sufis are asking for halva again
From Your lips that hearts
Long for and desire.

An uproar was broken at the
Dervish convent last night.
Your smell filled the convent
With the smell of musk.

Extend your hand, reach our basket.
Blessings to your arms and hands.

O Shems of Tebriz, you
Are the Sultan of kindness and favor.
Set the table of nobility so soul
Will become full and drunk at your banquet.



118.

Verse 1197

O my Beauty, all the ones
In front are your guests.
Even the sun in the sky is asking for you.

The evil eye would be away from your face.
O Beauty for whose soul
Thousands of souls would be sacrificed.

Souls reach immortality
When they are sacrificed.
Because your essence is the elixir for them.

O Moon of Beauties,
Taurus, Capricorn and the Ram of sky
Would be sacrificed to you.

Because all sacrifices
Will become immortal in your bairam.

You are the palace of God's pureness.
Fate and glory are your doorkeeper day and night.

My God, always keep this garden
Green and fresh with the favor
Of your endless spring.

Hide and protect the garden
So angels can harvest fruit, walk in these orchards.

This land of sugar will always be open
Thanks to your secret sugar-reed bed.

My God, the water of this river
Will never become turbid as long as
Your favor flows everywhere.

My God, you also say Amen to this prayer!
The prayer is Yours, Amen if Yours.

There are strings in the world's harp and kanun.¹⁰⁸
Every string yells with your firman.

I was asleep.
You woke me up. I am a ball for Your club.

Where these earth people go?
Without your love, without your pull?

Dried earth became drunk,
Started this lively music.
This tune is yours, is yours.
This is your melody.

His kindness asked me yesterday,
"Who are you?"
"O my Soul, I am a cat in your bag," I said.

"O cat," he said, "How lucky you are.
Your Sultan will change you to a lion."

I kept silent, but you didn't leave me alone.
I kept singing your tune like a harp.



119.

Verse 1215

His love was running around
With a sword in his hand.
His eyes were full of blood.

People were asleep last night, in nice dreams.
Yet he was running around attempting the life of lovers.

Sometimes he was reflecting on roofs like the moon.
Sometimes he was blowing from one side
To the other like the morning breeze.

Suddenly, our cup has fallen from the roof.
Our secret was revealed, watchmen start gossiping.

The thief's voice came from
The middle of the neighborhood
Opened a wound, hid his face.

He even oppressed bad-tempered fate.
That watchmen couldn't find a trace of his dust.

When the Plato of mind, the doctor
Who knows traces from one hair to the next,
Saw this wound.

P. 240 of original Divan.

"I know who opened that wound," he said.
"That wound was opened by the source
Of layer on layer of instigation."

"There is no cure for the wound
That is opened by His hands.
There is no remedy for it."

"Wash your hands from that old soul.
A new soul comes after this wound.

This is the love of Shems of Tebriz
Who is the one beyond the world of color and smell.



120.

Verse 1226

O One who takes the heart
Of lovers as hostage,
Don't shed the blood of lovers, go away.

Look at the trace of blood on every road,
Hear the bloody yell everywhere.

I said to heart, "See His club,
If you are a ball, follow it, keep turning, run."

Heart answered me, "I have been worn out
And again rejuvenated by His club hundred thousands times."

The ball of heart won't hide from the club.
There is no hole, no hill in this valley.

Soul's cat jumped out from
The sneeze of the lion of death,
But when that cat meows
The lion of death trembles and runs away.

This gold is from the mine of Shems of Tebriz.
If you look, one by one, its value gets even better.



121.

Verse 1233

O Player, tell our secrets again.
Talk about the stories that add soul to soul.

We close our mouth today.
We won't talk about Him.
You start the words that open the heart.

I am hard-of-hearing.
Put your cheek to my cheek
And tell me once more
The promise of that beautiful face.

Something has happened to the soul
At the time of Elest.
Tell me once more in my ear what has happened.

Open the cellar of "Surely we have (opened)
Given you victory."¹⁰⁹
"Tell once more the real secret of Mustafa1."¹¹⁰

The prayers of lovers are accepted.
O Prayer, read that Prayer once more.
Since Selahaddin is the one who organized our soul,
Tell us again the one who organized our soul.



122.

Verse 1240

*T*here is a new garden, A new meadow in our soul.
There is a new story, a new legend
In our ear with every breath.

We are the fish in the sea
That give new pearls, new coral every day.

A new proof came to this old world
So you won't hear the spell of anyone.

Our life, our joy are first class and brand new.
Our essence is a mine, also brand new.

Eat this sugar. Eat it so new teeth will grow
In your mouth from its taste.

Turn into whole soul so if somebody
Asks you who you are,
You say, "I am a new soul every moment."

I am a new morsel to the earth,
But hundreds of new Lokman¹¹¹
Come to existence from that morsel.

Although you turn yellow and pale in autumn
Feel the warmth of a new summer in autumn.



123.

Verse 1248

Suddenly, I discovered the way
That, thank God, I saw your face.

My crying eyes couldn't see
Anything because of tears.
Now they are shining because
Of your magical, narcissus eyes.

I kept asking, "Where is union and salvation?"
All these questions eventually lead to your neighborhood.

These dry lips that praised you,
At the end kiss the lips of prosperity.

There is no better shield for
The arrow of sorrow than your hair.

Your place is higher than the sky.
Even the sky is place under your feet.
You are brave as a lion.
Even the lion turned into a gazelle for you.

You have such a kingdom, such prosperity
That your sorrow became its food.
Where is a pehlivan that could match you?¹¹²

You instigate a search in my heart.
Through that search I fell in your river.

Without this humdrum of your pull,
There won't be the humdrum of everyday life.

The sea could only reach to the heel
Of someone who attained the
Privilege of kissing your knee.

Enough. Everybody follows his own habits.
All these people can't have your disposition.



124.

Verse 1259

One whose name is nourishment
For my drunken heart.
My eyes and mind are both enlightened by your days.

Six dimensions turned into gold
With my glory since I saw
Your face, your eyes, your stature,
I mean your body.

"My heart has become tired of you," you said once.
Yet, I don't want anything but your desire in this
world.

I kept waiting for you.
I will until I receive news
That you have missed me.



125.

Verse 1263

Look at love. It is mixed, joined to lovers.
Look at Soul, become one with the land of soil.

How long will you be seeing
This and that, good and bad?
Look and see this and that
Are merged, joined together.

How long will you be saying,
"This has trace, that doesn't?"
Look and see how the traceless one
Is merged with the one who has trace.

How long will you be talking in this world, that world?
Look and see that world is merged, mixed with this world.

Heart resembles a Sultan.
Tongue is his translator.
But look at this Sultan,
He has merged with the translator.

Mix, join together
Because that sky and earth are united for us.

Look at water and fire.
Look at dust and wind.
They look like they are enemies to each other
But they get together like friends.

The wolf and lamb, lion and gazelle are opposites
But they get together with the majesty of the brave one.

Look at this Sultan who, with his kindness,
Thorn and rose are united in his rose garden.

Look, that is such a cloud
That with its abundance
It has gathered so much water.

Watch union on the signs
That learn that spring and autumn
Get together and are unified.

They are opposite but
They become one like bow and arrow.

While chewing sugar, be silent.
To mix sugar with advice is not
That proper thing to do.

Shems of Tebriz keeps appearing in heart.
There is no one that matches his union with me.



126.

Verse 1277

O one who supposes smoke is Soul,
Who accepts fool's gold as real!

O one who dug himself into the ground like Karun¹¹³,
And thinks of the earth as sky!

O one who sees Satan's play chips
And takes them as human!

O one for whom love runs away with shame after seeing him!
O one who thinks himself someone important!

O one whose eyes are closed
To sleep by the smoke of disbelief,
Then declares that smoke is divine light!

O one who runs to every carcass like a wolf
Because of his lust then thinks
That all lovers are like himself!

O one who, when love's drunkenness
Is a sign of a curse, doesn't see this sign!

O one who got stuck, who rotted
Between the alphabet and sound
Then thinks of God as mute!

When His moonlight reflects on his blindness;
O one who thinks the Moon is hidden!

Whatever I have said, I said about myself.
O one who thinks that I blame others.



127.

Verse 1287

O my Sultan, it is a sin not to sin
In front of your exuberant pardon.

P. 241 of original Divan

You look after the one who lost his way
So much that losing the way has become
Almost better than to stay on the road.

Your praise has left no mind, no thought for me.
All I do is sigh, unable to talk anymore.

I cannot find a confidant for Your troubles
So I sigh to the well like Ali.¹¹⁴

The well overflows from this sigh
And a reed grows from the opening.
A Ney is made out of this reed
And tells all my secrets.

It is enough, O Ney, stop crying.
We are not confidants.
That sugar is asking to be excused from us,
Also from the reed for that reason.



128.

Verse 1293

*I*t is day for us, night for others.
It became evening for the stars
Because of one sun.

Morning's smiling face is the result
Of absolute faith.
Night falls because of doubt and disbelief.

The bird of faith has flown.
You became desperate, asking for mercy;
But night has fallen to mercy.

Every moment is morning in the soul's mining,
And morning is your cash money.
Yet, the mine is in the deep of night.

Lovers enjoy a traceless morning.
Night is for ones who are bound with rules and signs.



129.

Verse 1298

Your love came to kill Soul for some time,
But all of them who have been killed
Are smiling and laughing.

Soul is chewing sugars,
But different sugars come from you to the teeth.

Last night, I saw the heart like a falcon
That had landed on the Sultan's wrist.

All the souls return to you
Like a piece of grain comes to harvest.

That falcon has hunted the heart
Of every longing one,
Then came to the Beloved with blood on his wings.

I asked him, "O one who came from lovers,
Why this lover's blood?

"What is the language of lovers?
Blood is the only proof of love," he answered.

The smell of musk and sweet basil are our favors.
I am telling the truth.
The one who came here is God's divine light.

The fine wine of Shems of Tebriz
Has become a treasure of strength
For me, moment by moment.



130.

Verse 1307

Look and see.

Insane ones are loose from their chains.

Because Beloved's smell has come from the chain.

Lover's cries and shouts are ascending to the sky.

Sounds of "Enough, enough, help," are coming
From the chain.

Souls of the ones who lounge in the chains filled
Earth and sky.

Every moment I take Mecnun's soul
From the chain and bring it to Leyla.

Don't drive our mind away from the chain.
The rings of Your love are in our ears.

Look at the instigation You have created from the chain.
You even hung instigation on the chain.

Soul became lucid because of the chain
But there are hundreds of signs on Soul's foot.

O Shems of Tebriz, what I mean is your hair.
I mentioned chains, but that's what I wanted to say.



131.

Verse 1315

O sound of ney, O sound of ney.
The sound of ney that raised all the world's secrets.

What is Ney? The thing that
The sweet-kissing Beloved kissed.
The thing that the sweet-kissing Beloved kissed.

That handless, footless ney took
People's hands and feet away;
Took people's hands and feet away.

The ney is only an excuse;
This is not for the ney.
This is the sound of the wind of that magic bird.

There is nothing but God,
So why all these curtains?
But those curtains pull men of God to God.

We are poor, rich in God.¹¹⁵
But whatever you see in the poor
Comes from the rich.

We are all darkness. Light is God.
The light of this palace came from the sun.

The light in the palace is mixed with darkness.
If you want real light
Climb to the roof of the palace.

Sometimes your heart is spacious.
Sometimes your heart is tight.
If you don't want to be bored,
Get out of this narrow place.



132.

Verse 1324

O loyal friend, you learned how to torment.
From where did you learn that?

What has happened to the time
You have haunted our soul?
And the loyalty you showed in those times?

You run after every tyrant,
Every unpleasant, and you become their confident.

O Heart, you learned how to ignore
The world from that known friend.

When your soul wants you to nicely say "Yes."¹¹⁶
You learned how to say yes from that calamity.

I said to love, "You swallowed
And assimilated me.
Did you learn this from that dragon?"

Moses' staff swallowed the dragon.
Did you learn that from his staff?

O heart, if His look wounded you,
Still, you learned your remedy from His lips.

You gave up sugar and started to complain.
This is not the right way to do things.

Be grateful for the land of sugar
Just the way you have learned from the prophets.

Don't render turbid this cleanliness,
Because you learned this cleanliness from Mustafa.¹¹⁷

Forget everything you have learned from people.
Be whatever you learned from God.

O Lover, you burned like a cloud
From Shems of Tebriz.
But you learned how to illuminate.



133.

Verse 1337

At the end you left the lovers.
You left the battle and ran away.

At first, you attack the lions like a lion.
But at the end you flee like a fox
From the front line.

You intended to climb to the dome of the sky,
But you changed your mind in the middle of the ladder.

What kind of panacea are you
That you are afraid of the headache of this and that?

You run away from common people, scared.
How would you follow in the footsteps of prophets?

You look like a dead one, that is natural
Because you run away from Soul.

The prize of joy and happiness is your patience,
Yet, you flee at trying times.

Since you are afraid of the sound of watchmen,
You may as well stay at the fort of grief now.

How will you be able to see
The eye of the archer
If you are afraid of the arrow
Of that great bow?

You run away from the wounds of the tongue.
How would you be able to stand
The wounds of sword and arrow?

Go. Be silent.
Silence is to be lucid and traceless.
How come you run away from your aim?



134.

Verse 1348

Beloved, come home just once.
Even one moment. Rejuvenate our soul.

Make our friend smile for just one moment.
Adorn our gathering for one moment.

Adorn that sky that
Will see the sun clearly in the middle of the night.

Adorn that light of love
That will shine from Konya.
Reflect to Semerkand Buhara¹¹⁸ for one moment.

Change the night into morning with one breath.
Enlighten the darkness without delay, without excuse.

P. 242 of original Divan.

Enlighten that sun that springs up
From the rock like water, appears in the heart.

It should rise from the heart
That is the city of the Sultan,
Destroy At once the wealth of Dara¹¹⁹ with Nusirvan.¹²⁰



135.

*Verse 1355*¹²¹

*T*he eyes of the face would cry
Day and night if it saw all
The troubles to be cried for.

If the sky felt and understood this separation,
The stars, sun and moon would all cry.

If the Sultan knew how he was going to be toppled,
He would cry for himself, his throne and his belt.

If the wedding night could see this divorce,
It would cry for all these kisses and hugs.

If red wine saw this hangover,
It would cry to the jar, to the bottle.

If the rose garden saw and understood the fall,
Rose petals would cry on the branch of the rose.

If a flying bird knew about that hunt,
Its arms and wings would be loosened
It would cry, cry.

If his skill, his knowledge did not fool Plato,
He would cry for knowledge and skill.

If the window was aware of the smoke of death,
The window would cry. so would the wall and door.

While sailing nicely on the sea,
If the boat saw that danger, it would cry.

If the fire of that crucible was seen,
The rich would cry for the condition of gold and silver.

If Rustem saw this reproach,
Even he would cry to war, to his power.

Death's ear is deaf for yells and cries.
Otherwise he would cry for the lung that is full of blood.

The executioner of death has no heart.
If he had even a stone heart he would cry.

If hands and feet saw death when they were alive
They would cry for each other.

If the female goat saw the male lion dying,
It would cry to the lion.

This earth is a mother who eats her own child.
If not so, she would cry for her child's death.

How does sweet give its life with the pain of death?
If it showed even sugar, it would cry for its condition.

If the dove knows, the juniper will
Be pulled out by its roots.
It would cry instead of singing "coo-coo."

If the bier knew about that coffin,
It would cry when carried on roads.

The newborn baby keeps crying because
Of its arrival in this world.
If he knew it, he would cry before that.

A child doesn't cry that much
Because he is not intelligent enough.
If the donkey or ox had intelligence
They would also cry.

If our sweet charmer knew the remedy
To all our pains,
He would cry like rain.

That sweet charmer has experienced
The sorrow of death and many other pains.
The one who sees them would cry to all.¹²²

O my friend, the one who is gone; has gone.
Where is the news that would cry to this news?

A poisonous arrow hit your lung.
You looked protected by the shield,
But the shield also cried

I have been so deep under the ground
That it would be proper if this earth
Turned upside-down and cried for me.

Come back to your senses.
Be silent. There is no one who has a point of view.
If he did he would cry and cry.

Shems of Tebriz has gone.
Where is the one who would cry
To the one who is praised by humanity.

The world of meaning has enjoyed his presence,
But when forms became alone
Without him, they cried and cried.

If this world has another eye, another ear,
This other eye and ear will cry and cry.



136.

Verse 1386

O Sun, you came to the place
Of the moon-faced ones.
You raised a storm in the sky
Mixed all the particles together.

Once the religion of ecstasy
Has been spread around
A fire glitters in belief as well as disbelief.

The summit and valleys are all filled with love
And have become like an ocean.
Spring by spring, cascade by cascade
Waters have been flowing.

Lovers were in the world of fire already.
You became fire on top of fire.

In every dawn the religion of Ahmet¹²³
Prostrates to the laws that You have set.

Don't worry if Absence gives you blemishes.
Goodness and badness are the same for the annihilated.

Kiss the ground where Shems of Tebriz stepped
So you will be benifited from the greatest of great happiness.



137.

Verse 1393

*I*f there was a door opened
From headless to heads,
If upside-down people came to order!

If there was a tongue or a heart
That could describe the fire of heart!

Or, if there would be a light reflected on us
From His face that shines like moonlight
In the darkest night of sorrow!

Or, if someone who has seen that face,
Someone who is handless and footless
Would come and be our friend.

Yells and screams would ascend to the sky,
If there was a face from that moon.

If jealousy didn't put his hand to our mouth,
We would yell and scream
Without lips or tongue, filled
Left and right with uproar.

If there was a light reflected on the Heart,
From that pearl
Heart would either flow,
Reach the sea or become a sea.

If jealousy didn't scatter dirt
To the eye of our heart,
Tears would overflow, spring by spring
And start running toward the sea.

Love doesn't give a penny for these two worlds.
If he did, both of them would vanish.

Love wants to spread the people to the ground.
Otherwise lovers would ascend beyond Gemini.

Both worlds would be melted like snow
With the fire of love which resembles hell.

If the staff was in the hand of Moses,
Love's dragon would be swallowed
And assimilate the whole of existence.

He would make two worlds like one morsel
Like a hungry dog would swallow all the breads.

Since you came to the temple
Of Shems of Tebriz,
You will be honored by his manifestations.



138.

Verse 1407

*T*hat charmer says, "How come you
Own the same heart, became my companion,
A guest at the same place with me?"

You hid from forms,
Appeared at the world of Souls.

You have reached the favors of God.
At the same time have been sacrificed with God's sword.

Come close to the fire, don't be afraid,
Because you have matured with the fire.

You have seen the pleasure
And drinks of the crazy, insane ones.
If you became sober again.
A stone should be thrown at your head.

Since you are not an animal,
Why do you become drunk from the green?
Since you are not death,
Why are you inclined toward the mud?

Hang on to the sleeve of Sultan Selahaddin¹²⁴.
If you don't, you will be lost forever.



139.

*Verse 1414*¹²⁵

O green, fresh spring, welcome.
You brought enjoyment and pleasure.
O silver-bodied Beauty of Beauties, welcome.
You brought enjoyment and pleasure.

You brought instigation to the head of Soul.
O Soul of Souls and head, welcome.
You brought enjoyment and pleasure.

Bring troubles to the heads
Of men and women, exalt them, welcome.
You brought enjoyment and pleasure.

My affair turned into gold
Because of your silver-statured body.
O troubles of gold and silver, welcome.
You brought enjoyment and pleasure.

Step on the head of the sun.
You are sun. You are moon, welcome.
You brought enjoyment and pleasure.

Ruby tells you from it mining,
"Welcome to the mountain, the valley.
You brought enjoyment and pleasure."

O Shems of Tebriz, the whole world
Became drunk because of you, welcome.
You brought enjoyment and pleasure.



140.

Verse 1421

Ah, the Love of houris
Who are running away from lovers, Ah.

P.248 of original Divan

There is new vigor in His killing.
Sickness became brand new health because of Him.

If you have pearl, look at my situation.
I am at the bottom of the sea like pearl,
But still away from the sea.

"O my mind," I asked, "where are you?"
"I became wine, how can I act like grape," he answered.

Burn your Soul.
Put its ashes on your eyes as a salve
So there won't be blindness in two worlds.

Souls without souls would enter Sema,
Become honey bees around that honey that has no
precedent.

They should change so Shems of Tebriz
Could rebuild all their ruins with God's help.



141.

Verse 1429

*H*ow will you be able to reach
The end of the journey with that speed?
How can you reach your goal
With that disposition?

You are awfully slow; camel-hearted.
How will you be able
To hang around with the light-spirited?

How will you go on a journey
With all that fat?
How will you reach this union?

It is not your destiny to be
A confidant of secrets.
How will you be able
To solve the difficult mystery?

You stay, like water on this ground.
When will you be purified from this mud?

Give up the sun and moon like Abraham.
If you act like this, how will
You be able to reach a that has never been set sun?

If you are emaciated run toward God's compassion.
If you are not kind, how will you
Be able to reach kindness?

Without the help of that sea of kindness,
How will you be able to escape
From these waves and land on the shore?

Without the guidance of love's Burak¹²⁶
And the Archangel Gabriel,
How will you find your way
To the palace of Muhammed?

You take shelter to the ones who have no shelter.
How can you become a refuge to the one
Who gives good fortune and prosperity?

Surrender yourself to "Bishmillah"¹²⁷
And sacrifice your Soul.
Otherwise, how will you be able to reach
The place of sacrifice bravely?



142.

Verse 1440

*M*y Beloved became a little bit more loyal.
He appeared last night even a little bit nicer.

Since that Beauty of Beauties smiled yesterday,
My time also smiled a little today.

My garden, my meadow have grown green
Since my "sad-berk"¹²⁸ rose has bloomed so nicely.

My bright day breathed in early dawn
So I found peace and constancy.

My cloud descended over the sea last night
And said, "Become earth so I will rain on you."

"Fall into the hands of my thorn
So I will rain nicely,
Grow roses on your ground.

Give me time. Be nicely excited.
Don't go out of your head, be patient.
I will scratch your head."

No. I said it wrong.
I'll be damned if I can
Be patient with His love.



143.

Verse 1448

*I*s there anything better than craziness?
Hundreds of irons are broken by craziness.

So many became infidel with their mind,
But have you seen any disbeliever with insanity?

When trouble increases, go, become crazy, insane.
Difficulties would be dissolved with insanity.

Go to the taverns of the insane
And drink a glass of insanity.

Ah, Keykubad and Sencer¹²⁹ have
Been deprived of craziness.
They had no part of it.

The cavalry of the insane's army
Have such joy, such victory and glory.

If you open up a wing from madness
You will ascend to heaven, like Jesus.

O Shems of Tebriz, I have opened
Hundreds of doors of craziness,
Of insanity for your love.



144.

Verse 1456

O my Soul, you are the apple of my eye.
Yes. You are a full moon
Orbiting around us, yes.

Yes. Houris and Ridvan¹³⁰ say hundreds
Of thousands of "Bravos" to your face.

O light of the torch of seven skies,
Yes. You came as a guest to earth's people.

You came from God's compassion, kindness
And the grace of the Sultan of Sultans.
Yes. Treasure is found at the ruins.

When the cypress of compassion comes to the garden
Even the cursed Satan becomes a believer.

Yes. Since you broke the bottle of the poor man,
You must pay the price.

Yes. The wealthy offers wealth.
The one who teaches the Koran offers knowledge.¹³¹

Yes. particles start whirling
When the sun rises from the East.

When the verse from the Koran,
"Your God and angel come."¹³² manifests,
Every difficulty will become a possibility.

Thanks to the kindness of,
"Their doors are open."¹³³
Yes. All difficulties become easy for you.

Yes. O my beauty whose eyes
Are half-closed in sleep,
Get rid of sleep from
Those narcissus eyes, gently.

Yes. When narcissus eyes give up sleep,
They will harvest fruit from gardens and meadows.

Yes. If you remove heedlessness from
Your head and your heart,
You will smell the rose from the rose garden.

Yes. It is so nice to live like a drunk
From morning to evening
And from evening to morning.

O nightingale, climb the pulpit
Of the rose sapling and say,
"Yes. The one who is kind is
Measured by his favors."

When the appetite of the one
Who listens is increased,
Yes. Even the stones start turning into lokman.¹³⁴

Yes. The smell of Joseph came
From Egypt to the town of Canaan.

If you are silent and keep secrets,
That Sultan reveals the secret.

Silence is patience, the sign of patience.
Yes, silence extracts every happiness
From their sources.



145.

Verse 1475

Whatever will happen, whatever
Must happen will happen today.
There are innumerable appetizers,
Lots of wine. Yes.

Yes. That beautiful cupbearer
Has become more beautiful,
Sweeter since the morning.

Yes. The sun has become cupbearer
For hundreds of Zuhres¹³⁵
For hundreds of Ferhads¹³⁶ since early dawn.

Zuhre became drunk, broke his pencil.
Yes. Erase the ebcd¹³⁷ hevvez¹³⁸ from his signboard.

Mercury, the musician starts playing the berbad.¹³⁹
Yes. Whatever he sings is what he plays.

Yes. If mind reads his book,
The heart of the paper will
Be filled with sugar.

Yes. heart has reached its wishes.
Every happy one becomes more auspicious.

The Sultan of charm offered favors, showed kindness.
Yes. We would take our revenge
From every evil, every monster. Yes.

I should cut the story here
Because it is an endless story.
Yes. Because words are coming from words.



146.

Verse 1484

O my friend, yes the cupbearer is here.
Yes. He will show the way
To ascend to heaven.

Your slave turns into sugar
In front of your lips that say, "Yes."
Yes. Your slave becomes halva.

Yes. His eyes are a sea of drunkenness.
His hair is essence of love.

All these have come and gone.
Yes. That tall cypress is coming
To us like a rose sapling.

How can I not sleep on that
Shadow of sapling stature?
Yes. I sleep and become sweeter than dates.

P. 244 of original Divan.

Yes. The guard and thief both
Steal silver from that moon-face, O my Soul.

When His sun-face rises the thief
Becomes incapable and runs away.
That is that.

If he can only eat helva, this helva
Turns into bile and increases his troubles.

It is enough that the person who hides the secret
Finds that secret becomes a rose garden for him.



147.

Verse 1493

Yes. This door will be opened at the end.
Yes. At the end, that silver-bodied
Charmer appears and shows his face.

Our cupbearer remembers those drunks.
Yes. He comes back again with glass and wine.

Yes. The spring of beauty comes to the garden.
Those fresh branches bloom with flowers.

Yes. Green tents would be set in gardens and meadows.
The water lily and rose become a pair.

Yes. The skirt of the earth,
Which is filled with sticks and straws,
Will be filled with musk and ambergis.

Yes. That silver-stature and This pale face
Will be united with gold and silver.

Yes. The head that has been tired with thoughts
Will become drunk with that red wine.

Yes. These eyes that keep shedding tears
Will be enlightened by that sight.

Yes. Those ears that become circles on your ear
Will acquire earrings from the goldsmith.

Yes. When the Beauty of Soul pronounces
Shehadet¹⁴⁰ to the unbelieving heart,
The heart will become a believer.

Yes. When love's Burak comes from the sky

Soul's Jesus will be freed from His donkey.

All the people in earth have been

Combined into one person.

Yes. That person is better than hundreds of worlds.

I became silent.

But in my heart, yes, in my heart

Sugar canes kept growing.



148.

Verse 1506

*H*earth has kept asking for new things.
A new thing wants a new traveler.

That means you desire a new secret
For laughter and enjoyment.
Yes. The head also wants to have
Two new ears to hear that new secret.

The Souls of pure clean people want a gold mine.
The Soul of an animal also keeps asking for barley and straw.

Drunks are asking, "Is there any more?"¹⁴¹
And cupbearers are asking for something
To be pledged from the drunks.

Flow like a torrent on your face
Down to the sea of life, digging your bed,
Because water wants arks and streams.



149.

Verse 1511

*T*he smell of the rose garden
And orchard is coming.
The smell of that tender-hearted
Beloved is coming.

My Beloved scattered so many pearls
That the sea is up to my waist now.

Bushy, thorny places appear
Softer than satin and silk
Because of the image of His rose garden.

His love is like a carpenter
Making ladders up to the sky.

I have been so hungry, like a dog
That the smell of bread kept coming
From the kitchen of Souls.

The smell of Soul is coming from
The door and wall of the Beloved's quarter.

"Show me once a sign of loyalty,
I'll give you hundreds of thousands of them."
See, that kind of return is coming to him.

The one who dies in front of the Beloved's Beauty
Never dies in reality. He goes to heaven without dying.

The caravan of Absence arrives
To reality and stops there, all the time.
But it hides itself from that ugliness.

Beauties never go to the ugly.
The nightingale always flies to rose saplings.

Jasmine grows next to narcissus.
The rose comes to bud with a smile.

All these are the signs, the meaning of this.
That world keeps coming to this one.

The land of Absence is coming
To the world of time and space
Like butter mixing with milk.

Non-existence is coming to existence
Like the mind mixes with blood and skin.

The thing which cannot be explained with words
But still is tried with words, is coming from beyond love.

It is possible to explain more and better than that
But the sword is seen by the eye from jealousy.

I should keep silent because
This poem is difficult to understand.
Hundreds of suspicions are coming
From every world to everyone.



150.

Verse 1528

You are a candle. You are the Beautiful.
You are the wine. You are the spring
In the middle of winter.

Everywhere has been burned by your love.
The sun was burned out.
So were hundreds of other suns.

Your fire has fallen on the canes.
Because of that, sugar came to the soul
Of the cane to burn with Your fire.

You cut off the head of hundreds
Of thousands of people with love.
O my soul, how could one dare to ask "Why, why?"

Lovers have built houses underground
Like the city of Rey in order
To be protected from evil eyes.

There is no worse fortune than knowledge.
Alas for the ones who are bound with good and bad.

When Egyptian women cut heir hands
While in ecstasy,¹⁴² they didn't say "Ah."

Our Sultan went on the road
Beyond a hundred thousand years
When he passed out of himself
On the night of Mirac.¹⁴³

Remove all the dressings from
The wounds of bones, veins and marrow
With the ecstasy of the one who has been annihilated.

O Shems of Tebriz, annihilate us
Because you are like sun.
We are shadows.



151.

Verse 1538

O Love, you are trying me,
Though you know I don't
Have such power and tolerance.

You interpret the secret of the enemy,
In your heart you give a place
For the wrong idea about me.

You burn the forest,
At the same time you complain about it.

You have been complaining like the innocent
To give the impression that you are oppressed.

You are a Sun.
How can you be oppressed?
You can do anything from the top.

You make us jealous of each other
Then you nicely watch our fights.

You offer sherbet to a sufi right now,
But you make drunk ascetics
With tomorrow's promises.

You give the desire of dirtiness to the raven,
But You make the parrot chew sugar.

You give worry and sorrows to the bird
Who thinks of death all the time.
But You make the nightingale drunk so he keeps singing.

You attract some to the mountain, to the mine.
With others, You turn their face toward the sea.

Either You pull us to glory through troubles
Or You punish us for our faults.

There is compassion and favor
In this sea all the time.
You are so kind and generous
To everyone and everything.

This is the beginning of the words
That have been said with hints and symbols.
You make us young or old,
But, You tell the end of it.



152.

Verse 1551

I ran, suddenly, toward Him.
His love's hand screamed, saying, "Hi!"

"Do you know," he said, "how blood-thirsty he is?
Where is the heart, power from someone like you?"

Even sugar is melted by his love.
You keep yelling like a ney
With its head cut off.

P. 245 of original Divan.

You melt like snow at His rose garden
So that hundreds of springs appear
In the middle of winter.

Or, enter His temple, surrender and die nicely,
So they will call you, immortal
One who creates every moment.

You keep the grape juice in God's jar
So it will ferment, be free from good and evil.

O Shems of Tebriz, come and look at me.
Look at me and see something
That is totally annihilated.



153.

Verse 1558

Again, you are going to the rose garden like a rose.
You are going without me, but I am with you.

The iris acquired hundreds of tongues
Jus to describe you.
O rose-faced one, you are going toward the iris.

You are going to give wine to the drunk
With ruby-colored, wine-sealing lips.

Beauties are like stars behind you.
To whom do you go like a bright moon?

You are going with a heart like iron, like stone.
Whom do you intend to burn this time?

O Sun, I am a particle that moves in your light.
When you reflect on the window
I keep dancing in front of you.

O Heart, you are going to the mortar
To become salve so Shems of Tebriz
Will put it in his eyes.

This poem would be said after Shems' first departure



154.

Verse 1565

O Heart, you are going to the Beloved every moment.
You are going secretly from eyes.

You tore dresses like moon
Following a bright sun, you are going now.

O one who sits with friends on earth,
Inside, you are going over seven layers of sky.

In appearance, you are in front of the guest
But actually, you are going to become a guest.

You are making a picture of a human
In the hand of that skillful, agile painter, like a pen.

You resemble the water under straw.
You are the water of life.
You are going to the garden.

You are going so fast, that if eyes see you
There won't be anybody in mourning.

But alas! I wish the people could see you.
But they can't, you are going secretly from people.

Since you are going to the throne of the Sultan, to the Sultan,
See our situation, tell him about us.



155.

Verse 1574

Even if you plunged into water or jumped into fire,
I don't know about this or that.
You are going to Him nicely.

By God, you have His color on your face.
You are going to the Beloved
Who resembles the moon.

You step on forms. You are going to the form
That doesn't fit any shape and form.

The Beloved's taste is reflecting on your Soul.
You are drunk, clapping your hands
And going there in an unruly way.

Whether you go to Arsh¹⁴⁴ or Fersh,¹⁴⁵
Glory is running behind you.
Prosperity is running behind you.

Since His love is in your head,
It is not surprising if you get confused.

O Sultan Selahaddin, in appearance you are going
In six dimensions but get out, raise those six dimensions.



156.

Verse 1581

*I*t would be nice if you gave up laziness
Jumped faster than your friends.

Agility is the disposition of the male lion.
Tardiness on this road is only for foxes.

The fan is in your hand, fan the flame.
You are at the bottom of the well.
But Joseph is with you.

You were whole even when you went to the grave,
Rise from the East like a moon.

The weather has warmed up, the ice is melted.
You also, O cypress statue, move, get in action.

Quick! Jump on the horse like a Turk.
There is a place for a beautiful tent in front of you.

"Run, race,"¹⁴⁶ He ordered, "walk bravely.
"The Sultan of Soul's Soul can say no wrong.

Every dawn, yell like the planet Venus
Then watch the Sun become the Sultan of Sultans.

The full moon becomes smaller every night.
When it disappears completely
It comes back again as a full moon.

The Sultan offered so much even when He was away.
What can He give to you when you arrive at His temple?

Be silent. Enough of words.
Silence is the source of understanding.



157.

Verse 1592

*H*ave you ever seen wine that has no hangover?
Have you ever picked any rose that has no thorn?

Have you ever seen a spring in the rose garden
Of this muddy world, that has no autumn?

When sorrow comes your way, run toward God.
Have you ever seen anyone who listens
Trouble better than God?

Do God's work. Carry God's load.
Have you ever seen anyone
Who has the same work-or action?

Have you ever found a heart that became
A dustless, dirtless mirror for manifestation
Without the polish of His compassion?

Have you ever seen any image that doesn't bore the heart
Besides the image of that Beauty who has no peer?

Tell me, O Heart, have you ever seen any joy
That is not mixed with sorrow?

Have you ever seen a safe, secure place to fly
In a clean, pure and orderly world?

Take refuge in that safe cave like the dog of Ashab-i Kehf.¹⁴⁷
Since you have seen a hunter, hide in the cave.

Since you can take warning,
Close your lips, open the eyes of admonition

If the evil eye harmed you,
Shems of Tebriz will hold your hand.



158.

Verse 1602

You scattered a smell of musk to the earth.
You even filled the land of Absence with musk smell.

Then You created hundreds of thousands
Of fights and troubles for the earth
And sky from that smell.

You send a light to the mind, to the Soul
From Your light, Your fire.
You burned the mind and the Soul.

You give such exaltation to the sea
And to the mine from Your ruby lips.

You set the rule of sacrificing lovers,
Then You give the obedience to follow that rule
To the heart of the ones that kill lovers.

You mix hundreds of thousands of people
Who have the Souls of the land of Rum with Negroes.

Since you have kneaded them
With your own hands,¹⁴⁸ made a dough,
How come you made them in need of bread?

You have made the prey and the hunter
Fall in the same trap.

You tyrannize and excite nightingales like hearts,
Make lovers cry and yell.

You put princes in front of watchmen's minds
Like slaves and make them march.



159.

Verse 1612

See the wind blowing in my head
Because of the wine I drink?
I drank that wine from the hand of a prince.

When Soul starts weaving and swaying on this wine,
A pure, clean and bright Beauty appeared.

Soul's eyes have seen strange things.
There were cheerful Beauties of Beauty everywhere.

There was a love's drunk who laid down
And slept with every step
A cupbearer in front of him.

The feet of the hearts were tied with that desire.
Wings of Soul were opened
Because of this joy and music.

The sounds of drunks, their cheers
Were rising to the Throne of God in those words.
Even the prayer rug of the devout were pawned.

The head of this state is Shems of Tebriz.
He is a kingdom in the world of secrecy.



160.

Verse 1619

(*Orijinal Divan P. 246*)

What would happen if he killed
Someone whose heart is a vagabond?
I don't care if someone who is oppressed
With sorrow is missing from this world.

As long as your love's sun kept shining
And scattering stars everywhere.

He is such a Sun that when
He shone on Mount Sinai,¹⁴⁹
The mountain blew to pieces,
And every piece became a garnet.

His light reflected on Mary's dress.
That baby in the cradle started talking.¹⁵⁰

What do you call the one who denies the Sun?
Nothing can be done for those who are born blind.

When Love touches his staff to the heart
Hundreds of thousands of springs
Spring from every rock.¹⁵¹

Evil eyes will stay away from
That beautiful face even if they are my eyes.

Hundreds of tricks opened hundreds
Of stores of deceit at love's bazaar.
That's the way he found trickery and deceitfulness.

O Shems of Tebriz, all the sorcerers
Can't take their eyes from you.
They have been charmed by you.



161.

Verse 1628

Once more you contemplate departure.
Once more your heart has turned to iron.

No. Don't extinguish the lamp of our joy.
Aren't you the one who filled this lamp with oil?

O my God, You filled this world
With roses, nesrin,¹⁵² and iris from Your face.

For God's sake, don't do it for that one.
The enemy wouldn't say,
"You are a friend, but acting like an enemy.

"O Beauty who enlightens the world,
For God's sake! For God's sake,
Gather your slaves to your temple.

You put aside Love's play that
You started with me.

O my God, You shake your sleeve, offer favors.
You changed the dirty Self into a clean-skirted one.

O mine of the goldsmith Salaheddin,
You have a silver harvest like the Moon.



162.

Verse 1636

Welcome, O melody, You are such a melody
That You brought us a trace,
A footprint from the land of Soul.

Let our Soul hear your music,
Not our ears.
Because you are the Soul
For that dead world.

Grab the Souls and take them to heaven,
Where you took the hearts.

Even the smiling moon testifies
That you drank the wine of sky.

Your sweet Soul also is testifying
That you were fed by honey
At the assembly of Elest.¹⁵³

Greens have started to grow from the ground
Just to show what seed you put in.



163.

Verse 1636

O Heart who has been nourished with rose jam!
O Heart who has drunk the milk of lions!

O Heart who was born from
The State of Union with God!¹⁵⁴
The One who took the ring from Solomon's hand!

There is no Soul who has the power
To stand your love.
What kind of Soul do you have, O Heart?

You are such a Sun that when your light
Is reflected, this sun is created.
You put this under your shirt
And nicely hid it, O Heart.

You are the light of a hundred thousand bits of
darkness.
At the same time, you are Jesus
For hundreds of thousands of deaths, O Heart.

From which grape did You crush
This wine as a cupbearer, O Heart?

You are the fruit of earth's winter.
You hold the hands of thousands of frozen ones, O
Heart.

You made gold all the business of the goldsmith.
O Sultan Selahaddin, you have attained a hundred times.



164.

Verse 1650

I keep knocking on
The door of every house
Asking if they have seen that crazy one.

Soul's bird has become crazy, insane
For that trap.
He was caught in the trap
Of a charmer.

All the people are yelling and screaming,
Saying, "Where is the brave one who
Has a heart like a sea of craziness?

My God, where is the Mecnun for that Leyla
So I can tell the story in his ear?

Because the ear of mind is not confidant.
It is a stranger to the spell of lovers.

Those curly hairs for which the Soul became crazy
Desire a broken comb.

Our town is filled with exaltation and instigation.
Help. Save us from the cunning of that seducing Beauty.

O keymaker, make a key quickly
So the door of anxiety will be opened.

Come to your senses.
Don't go on the twisted, bent road.
You are not a chess piece,
How long will you go awry?
You have your mind in your head.

165.

Verse 1659

Whose square is that that ties the feet of Soul?
We are lost. Whose story, whose fable is this?

The Sun is running like a golden ball.
I wonder whose club's curved end is making him run?

O Sun, no one could stop you.
How could they?
You know whose road that is.

Moses gave his life after the smell of that apple.¹⁵⁵
You also search for that smell.
From whose orchard does that smell come?

Jacob's eyes were opened by this smell.
My God, whose Canaan is that smell coming from?

We were dirt. Grew like that, became tall.
Our soil turned into gold, but whose scale is the
measure?

A new Sun shines on our gold.
With that He wants to make gold
Know to whose mine it belongs.

Everybody's head is dizzy with Love.
Everybody is confused by love.
The fascinating question is:
Who turns Love's head?

Everybody is a guest here in this world.
But whose guest? Only a few know that.

Bodies are without us at night.
During the day, they are filled with us.
I wonder, in whose bag we stay?

Everybody is clapping their hands and saying,
"O my soul." I wonder whose
Soul is clapping those hands?

Shems of Tebriz is the light of attainment.
With all that superiority, whose Sultan is he?



166.

Verse 1671

Night came, the time for privacy.
Moon's face became Kible for lovers.

O one who worships the moon, the moon is smiling.
O night traveler, get up, time to go.

Night came. You and I have gone.
Time for the one who doesn't sleep to meet God.

Essences are mixed with the straw of body,
But when the body sleeps, grains
Are separated from straw.

Indians sweep the tent of body;
When the Turk saw the seclusion, he entered the tent.

Water is washed out of earthly gossip.
The time came for the Sultan of Sultans to speak.

When Shems of Tebriz comes forward,
The talks of the wise ones
Get shorter and shorter.



167.

Verse 1678

P. 247 of original Divan.

Morning came. O young get up.
Tie your load, join the caravan.

The caravan has gone.
You slept, unaware.
You are lost, lost, lost.

Don't waste your life counting sins.
That, in Heaven you stay young.

You kill your evil self,
He is your Satan.
After that, the Houris will appear on your side.

Once you have killed your evil self,
You could step to the seventh level of sky.

Once your fasting, your namaz are accepted
You will be a hero, hero, hero.

Purify. Be soil to this threshold.
Don't brag at the Sema assembly of lovers.

If you refuse the semâ of lovers
You'll keep fighting with does
An "Day of resurrection."

Since you become a slave and servant
To Shems of Tebriz, yell "Thanks, O God
To whom we all beg for help."

168.

Verse 1685

Don't be careless among lovers.
Especially, don't fall into somnolence
In the presence of that beautiful-faced Beloved.

Careless ones should stay away from lovers.
The smell of the stoke-hole should be
Far away from the morning breeze.

Run away from the sober one, but when a lover
comes.
Say, "Hundreds of greetings to you."

When the mind takes measure,
Plunges into thought,
Love ascends to the seventh level of sky.

When Mind looks for a camel to go the Hadj,
Love ascends to mountains of pleasure.

Love came, closed its mouth, saying,
"Give up the poem. Grab the hair."



NOTES

- 1- Koran III-40. "Even thus does Allah what He pleases."
- 2- The last lines of verses 3,4,5 and 7 are in Arabic.
- 3- Name of a place in Iraq noted for the murder Husain, son of Ali.
- 4- Son of Ali.
- 5- This gazel was recited at the mill in the suburb of Konya. (Eflâki-Menâkib-ul-Ârifin V. I, p. 400)
- 6- This gazel was writte in Arabic.
- 7- Legendary character helps those in trouble, the needy.
- 8- Persian love story. Ferhad-Shirin.
- 9- Name of one corner of the Kaaba.
- 10- Mecnun-Leyla: Famous love story.
- 11- Here also Mevlana mentioned he was sixty when Shems of Tebriz rejuvenated him.
- 12- A stringed instrument.
- 13- "I have kneaded the mud of humans of forty days with my hands." (Khadis-i Kutsi: "from Ahadis-i Mesnevi: p. 198-1)
- 14- A musical instrument.
- 15- The last four verse of this gazel are in Arabic.
- 16- Three stringed, violin like, insrument.
- 17- Koran VIII-12: Then the Lord inspired the angels saying, "I am with you. So make thos who believe stand firm. I will throw fear into the heart of those who disbelieve. Then smite their necks. smite their lungs.
- 18- Koran XIII-39.

- 19– When the prophet Mohammed gave a sermon he would lean on a date tree. Later they made a pulpit out of that tree and the crying of voices used to come while he was giving a sermon.
- 20– A. Galen, father of all physicians.
- 21– The Oxen (Taurus), the Fish (Pisces), the Lion (Leo) are signs of the Zodiac. Also, according to old folk myths, Earth stands on the horn of oxen which also sits on the back of the fish.
- 22– A musical instrument.
- 23– A city in Eastern Asia-Minor.
- 24– A letter of the Arabic alphabet. (Sins is "tooth" in Arabic).
- 25– The XXXVI chapter of the Koran.
- 26– A sect of Shiites who renounced their allegiance to Zaid, the grandson of Hussain.
- 27– The night in which the Koran was revealed.
- 28– Partial intelligence
- 29– Salaheddin=Mevlana's confidant after Shems.
- 30– An organ.
- 31– Koran VIII, 172.
- 32– Arabic gold coin. Monetary unit in Iran.
- 33– Sufis: there is an initiation ritual of shaving the head of the aspirant in branches of Melamiteye, Kalenderiye and some other dervishes.
- 34– Koran XIV-25.
- 35– Servant (tutor) placed in charge of a boy.
- 36– Moon is split. Koran LIV, 1
- 37– Watchman-Beckci: Walked at night hitting his baton on the ground.
- 38– Legendary river in heaven.
- 39– Verse from the Koran.
- 40– A formal proposal for marriage.
- 41– Koran VII, 143.
- 42– Koran 1-5. "Thee we do beseech for help. Thee alone we ask for help.
- 43– Koran LIII, 9.
- 44– Abu Said ibn-i Hayr: Great Sufi of Horasan. (d. 1049)
- 45– Attar: Druggist, herbalist

- 46— An 11th century mystic.
- 47— Koran: L-16.
- 48— Name of a rich and greedy man in the Koran.
- 49— The direction of Mecca for Muslim prayer.
- 50— Koranic Psalms of David.
- 51— Famous sword of the Caliph Ali.
- 52— Decorations on the window of a section of the Turkish bath, where people change their clothes,
- 53— Legendary mountain where the Phoenix lives.
- 54— This gazel was said for Selahaddin, who was sitting in a corner, during a Sema. Eflaki quoted, "Nowadays, Selahaddin is the only one who comes to help.
- 55— Sign of hostility.
- 56— There is no power, no strength but in God.
- 57— Big drinking bowl.
- 58— Koran IX, 40.
- 59— Commander-in-chief.
- 60— Ordinary, vulgar people.
- 61— Shirin, Husrev and Ferhad: Characters in mythological Persian love story. Who bore the mountain-made a canal to bring water to the other side.
- 62— Koran III, 40. XIV, 27. XXII, 18.
- 63— Most likely this gazel was said to someone who claimed to have seen Shems of Tebriz.
- 64— Koran XV, 9: "We who have sent down the Rememberance."
- 65— Koran XVII-II: "Man is ever hasty."
- 66— Koran II-(520).
- 67— Koran IX, 108.
- 68— See previous footnote. Related to the story of Gazne's Mahmut (ruler of Gazne) and 69— his beloved slave.
- 70— See previous footnote.
- 71— A small star in Ursa Major.
- 72— Two more acts of prostrating one self if a mistake made during namaz.
- 73— A Selcuk king who reigned from 1117 to 1157.
- 74— City in eastern Turkestan.
- 75— Remark to John the Baptist.

- 76– "Really, I smell the breath of compassionate, merciful God from the direction of Yemen." (Khadis-ihya-al Ulum, Ahadis-i Mesnevi)
- 77– The Prophet Mohammed.
- 78– This gazel is very similar to gazel! 84 of Bahri Remil.
- 79– Legendary doctor.
- 80– There is no power, no strength but in God (in short term)
- 81– A famous Persian king.
- 82– Koran II, 144, 150: "Wherever you are, turn your face toward it. (Sacred Mosque)
- 83– Koran XX, 18: He said, "This is my staff. I recline on it and I beat the leaves with it."
- 84– Lailaheillallah: There is no God but God.
- 85– Koran VII, 40.
- 86– We are Gods. Surely to Him we shall return.
- 87– Koran: VII, 172 "Am I not your God?"
- 88– Hero in Persian mythology.
- 89– Famous well in the court of kaaba in Mecca
- 90– This gazel is addressed to Kadi Kemaleddin Kabi. (Eflaki) kadi-moslem judge
- 91– Zinc ophthalmic ointment for eyes.
- 92– The Prophet Mohammed.
- 93– Ebcad: the just mnemonic formula of Arabic letters according to their numerical values.
- 94– A mode of near-eastern music.
- 95– Curtain.
- 96– Elephant has long memory.
- 97– A random name.
- 98– Koran XVIII, 65: (knowledge from self.) We have taught knowledge from ourselves
- 99– Koran XCIII, 1: (I swear by early hours of the day.)
- 100– Wife of Potifar.
- 101– A jolly, unconventional man. Devout of a sufi order.
- 102– Legendary animal who lives in fire.
- 103– Unconventional sufi.
- 104– Member of a notable family in Mecca.
- 105– A place.

- 106– İbn-ul Arabi (d. 1240) mentioned this verse at *Fusus-al Hikem* without mentioning Mevlans's name. (Bosnevi VII, p. 457).
- 107– And when they ask you about soul, say, "The Soul is one of the commands of my Lord and you are not giving the might of knowledge, but a little."
- 108– The Sultan's monogram.
- 109– Musical instrument.
- 110– Koran XCVIII, 1.
- 111– Prophet Mohammed
- 112– Legendary sage, doctor.
- 113– Wrestler.
- 114– Legendary man who flourished in his treasures.
- 115– Old folk tale: The Prophet Mohammed told some secrets to Ali. Ali couldn't keep them to himself so he told them to a dry well. A reed grew from the well, a shepherd cut the reed and made a Ney (flute). All the secrets told to Ali came back from the Ney.
- 116– Koran XXXV, 15. God-poor.
- 117– Koran VII, 172: And when our Lord brought forth from the children of Adam from their back, their descendents made them witness against their own Soul. "Am I not Lord?" they said "Yes" we bear witness lest you should say it on the day of resurrection.
- 118– The Prophet Mohammed.
- 119– City in Central Asia.
- 120– Dara-Darius (d. 330 B. C.) Persian king who was defeated by Alexander. Persian king (died 579).
- 121– This gazel is a eulogy for Shems of Tebriz after Mevlana became convinced of his death.
- 122– This verse is not at Konya, only at Istanbul University. (Golpinarli).
- 123– Prophet Mohammed.
- 124– Selahaddin Zerkub: Glodsmith, confidant of Mevlana after Shems.
- 125– The fourth and fifth verses of this gazel are not in the Konya Divan, but at the University of Istanbul (Golpinarli).

- 126– The white horse on which the Prophet ascended to Heaven.
- 127– Koran XXVII-30. "In the name of God, the Most Compassionate and Merciful."
- 128– A special brand of rose.
- 129– Keykubad and Sencer were old Persian kings.
- 130– The name of the doorkeeper to Paradise.
- 131– Koran LV, 2; XCVI, 5.
- 132– Koran LXXXIX, 22.
- 133– Koran XXXVIII, 50.
- 134– Lokman: famous doctor.
- 135– Venus.
- 136– Ursa Minor.
- 137– Numeration by letters of the alphabet.
- 138– Same as 83.
- 139– A stringed instrument.
- 140– "There is no God but God. Mohammed is the apostle of God."
- 141– Koran I, 30
- 142– Koran XII, 31
- 143– When the Prophet Mohammed ascended to Heaven.
- 144– Throne of God in ninth Heaven.
- 145– The face of earth.
- 146– Koran III, 133.
- 147– A cave where people (Ashâb-ı Kef), and dogs, were hidden-slept many years.
- 148– "I have kneaded Adam's mud forty days with my hands." (Khadis-i Kutsi Mirsad al ibad Ahadis-i Mesnevi, p. 198.)
- 149– Koran VII
- 150– Koran III, 46: V, 110.
- 151– Koran II, 60.
- 152– The name of several varieties of roses.
- 153– Koran VII, 172.
- 154– Akl-i Kul.
- 155– According to old belief, Moses didn't give his life to the angel of death. God sent an apple. While smelling that apple, Moses gave his life when he smelled shod apple.

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